

# Lolibaba - Enjoying the Daily Life of a Mercenary From the Age of Six

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# Old hag dies at the sunset

The world at the sunset. A red world. It was not only dyed in the red of the sunset, but also by the death of people oozing out onto the ground. It was hell there. It was the depths of hell. A hell where giant Shuras covered in steel were killing each other.

“Shitty old hag, this is your end!”

At the center of all this, a giant sword was being swung. The more than three meters sword was being swung by the giant in black armor that had more than four meters.

“Silly brat. Alas, you haven’t eaten enough. Let me suck your hard thing!”

And the golden giant, who was looking at the eyes of the black giant, raised its giant war hammer in response to the descending blow of the sword. And then, the sound of the two heavy steel crashing echoed through the battlefield, making sparkles fly around, swirling at the dimly dark surroundings and illuminating it sublimely.

However, there was pretty much nobody that had the chance to look at this fantasy-like scene. Most of the ones that were alive before had already died. There were innumerable wreckages of iron giants throughout the land. There were pieces of meat that used to be humans. There were also dead bodies of beasts.

At the beginning, the ones killing each other at this land weren’t only the two of them. There were many other iron giants. There were soldiers standing at their surroundings, there were magicians, there were huge beasts baring their fangs and killing one another.

It was the deciding battle of the two power houses: The Rowen empire and the Doubah alliance.

The outcome of all the people swinging their own weapons, continuing to kill and continuing to be killed was the fight of those two giants. Because those two kept killing, they only had each other left as opponents to kill.

If it wasn't for that, an one-on-one situation like this one would be impossible to happen. With both of the generals clashing, the spectacle was just like the heroic tales that would be told to children.

The one inside the black iron giant was the emperor of the Rowen empire, Jinn.

The one inside the golden iron giant was the queen of the Mourian mercenary nation, Beladonna.

Right now, both were putting all their power into killing each other in this battlefield. Their bodies were fired up to no limits.

"Hyahyahya, this is so fun, Jinn, my boy."

"Nonsense. It was because of you that I had failed my ambitions. The army I've been raising for those long years and months has become in this state."

Jinn shouted. However, he could not stop the attack. The armor of the giant had already become worn out, and he didn't have any other tricks in his sleeve. Therefore, all he could do was to swing his sword. Silver vapor was being blown off from the pipes at the back of the giant. All he could do now was swinging the sword his giant carried.

"As if it is possible to say a disastrous occurrence like that is fun."

The black giant swept his sword at the feet of the golden giant, but seeing through these movements, the golden giant caught the sword with the sole of its feet before it could catch speed.

"Ghggh!?" (グヌウウツ)

"Ha, naive."

The old woman shouted. And then, after the golden giant kicked the sword off the hands of its opponent, it attacked the black giant whose stance had been broken. Stepping at the foot pedal with all the strength she could muster and spurting out the silvery vapor in one go, the golden giant crashed into the black giant. Then, as Jinn raised a groan due to the impact of the crash, Beladonna continued to laugh at him.

"Hyahya!!"

"What are you laughing about? You too; your own subordinates had also died,

and you are now only by yourself. What is so funny? What are you laughing about!?”

“Hey, hey, are you serious? Are you seriously saying that?”

The old woman was insanely laughing. She kept laughing as if he had told her a joke.

“You are having fun as well, aren’t you?”

Giving a glance to the black giant, she asked at the emperor that was inside the it.

“Despicable!”

“Even if you say all these things, you body is honest. Hey, hey, look at us, dead spirits of this battlefield. Look at this passionate love scene between the emperor-sama and this old hag!!”

The golden giant was pretty much at zero distance from him. Jinn was able to imagine the figure of the old woman inside the giant insanely laughing. But at the same time, Jinn was also able to understand that she was the exact reflected image of himself. He was self-aware that his lips were raised to the point of them feeling they would tear apart. However, he could not admit this. Jinn had decided to be a ruler. He could not be a soldier.

“Die, old hag!!”

Therefore, what he pressed forward was his fist. The steel fist covered by a knuckle guard crashed at the golden giant that was on top of the black giant, forcing it away with the impact.

“Hya, aren’t you hard, my boy?”

Right when the old woman had been shaken away, she was about to swung the war hammer at his side, but...

\*Crumble(ギヤリツ)

With this dull sound, the hand dismantled in the air. And then, being thrown to the sky, the war hammer was sent to a place far away from the black giant, making a metallic sound when it fell down to the ground. What happened was that the right hand reached its limit after how much it had been recklessly

overworked until now.

“Tch!?”

Because of that, the old woman immediately clicked her tongue.

“It looks like you were unlucky!”

The golden giant that had lost its weapon and had its stance broken was pierced by the sword of the black giant. The attack went through the armor and headed straight to the old woman’s torso.

“Hyahaaaa!”

However, stepping at the left foot pedal, the old woman made the golden giant slightly turn to the side as it dived into the sword.

“Ggh”(ぐぬうつ)

While having its direction bent by the previous movement, the giant sword pierced through chest of the giant. With the impact, Jinn clenched his teeth, but the old woman kept laughing as if she was at her climax.

The broken pieces of the golden giant scattered around and silver vapor blew out of its slits in a uncontrollable manner. However, the momentum of the giant didn’t lessen.

“Shit!”

“Don’t be upset, my boy!!”

With its still intact left hand, the golden giant hit the black giant at its chest. The fingers of that giant hand didn’t have much protection; they were fragile and weren’t made to be hitting with. However, the old woman had no intentions of even caring about that. If she didn’t bring him down, she would be the one to be brought down.

Moving the control stick many times with as much strength as she could muster, the old woman kept sending punches at the black giant. With her whole body soaked in blood, she kept hitting it. In fact, the old woman had lost part of the right arm of her real body. The attack from the giant sword didn’t immediately kill the old woman, but it had been able to cut off part of her body. However, while laughing even more because of that, the old woman kept

sending punches.

However, this would also not last for long either. The left hand had also reached its limits. The left arm, which had destroyed tens of iron giants, had crumbled down with a loud noise in a similar way to the right hand, losing its form.

“Ha, this is still unsettled.”

While spitting blood, the old woman spoke. Her vision was covered in red. Her whole body was hot and painful. She was close to her death.

However, the old woman didn't stop. Kicking off the seat of the pilot at the hatch that had already been broken and tearing to pieces the part of her body that had become stuck at the wreckage of the collision of the sword of the black giant and the golden giant, she left her now already cut off right arm behind and went outside the giant with one arm. The chain of the necklace that she had been using until now was torn, and its jewel broke and scattered into pieces like the twinkling of the stars. However, the old woman didn't stop.

Kill! Kill! Kill! Kill! Kill! Kill! Kill! Kill! Kill! Kill! Kill!

Holding onto her disappearing consciousness for the sake of this single objective, she looked at her sole target.

“It's my winnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn!”

Raising a war hammer of the same shape of its giant counterpart, she was about to break the hatch and hit the defenseless emperor Jinnheh.

But her whole body was pierced by tens of arrows.

The old woman looked at her body. With the thin sticks piercing her, her body became wet, dyed in darkish red.

However, the old woman laughed. While showing a laugh that showed she was still conscious, she mustered her last bits of strength. When she was about to raise her war hammer...

An arrow pierced her forehead As the finishing blow...

Then, the blood covered war hammer slowly dropped from her hands, and just like that, the old woman fell from the giant and was thrown to the land.

However, the last words uttered by the old woman just before she fell to the ground reached the ears of the emperor.

“How regrettable” She spoke...

All that was left there was the wreckage of the two giants. The ones nearby were only a few of the empire soldiers. It had been only a slight disparity. All that had happened was simply that those few soldiers stole the victory from the old woman.

This was something that happened very often at the battlefield. It couldn't be said to be unreasonable. One would put everything forward in wars, and so this could only be expected. Now, the old woman, who became a corpse, could definitely not speak of her victory anymore.

With that, the last battle of the Rowen empire, who had moved with the intent to conquer the whole southern part of the Ishtaria continent, Veezen, and the Doubah alliance, who had reunited to resist it, was marked at the end with the victory of the empire's army. However, the losses of both sides were worse than expected, and the empire now had no more strength to keep moving forward, thus, ultimately only being capable of spreading their territory slightly.

And time passed.

Many countries challenged the empire for another war, and many countries fought against one another with the intention of demanding compensations for the last war from each other. There were even soldiers from razed countries that tried to revolt or that became bandits as well. Because of the fall of military power, demons and huge beasts started to appear even at villages, and in place of the military, the existence of mercenaries started to stand out.

In this chaotic era, at a town of a certain country, a girl was walking at the street.

This girl had dark brown skin and a beautiful golden hair. Although she was wearing tattered clothes, the glint on her eyes were sharp, and these pair of eyes possessed a shine of intelligence.

And the girl carried her baggage. While carrying her war hammer at her back and holding a brown sack over her shoulder, the girl walked, dragging the sack

on the ground.

This was an era that wasn't rare to see something like a war orphan. For her to walk in the middle of the city with that appearance, it was obvious anyone would gaze at her and guess her situation. To say nothing more, her face was above average. By her appearance, it wouldn't be weird if some criminal captured her and had her sold as a slave, or perhaps, if she would get caught by a lecherous pervert.

Rather, in fact, there were people that would approach her with these intents, but once they noticed the smell the girl was giving off, all of them would stop their feet.

The girl's stinking smell being because she didn't wash herself... was not the case. The smell came from the sack she was carrying and also from the liquid dripping from it.

Dragging the sack, a red stain would be left in where the it passed through. If looking at the sack from a close distance, it was possible to notice that there were round things inside the sack. Rather, several round things.

The outlaws knew. The people that were also carrying similar things to the building right ahead of them also knew. However, something such as a little girl calmly carrying those things was something they didn't understand. They had never seen it.

"I'm coming in."

And then, without hesitations, the girl opened the door and entered in the building.

"What is it, ojou-chan? This isn't a place for children to come in."

A man who worked as the gatekeeper stopped the girl. This was a place rowdy people would gather. They weren't fond of unnecessary problems. The man hadn't said those words for the girl's sake, but more because he didn't like troublesome things. However, the girl laughed.

"Is here the mercenary association? If so, then there are no problems."

Saying that, she dropped her sack to the ground.



And then, she took one of the round things inside the sack and showed it to the man.

“Hyahyahya, I’ve just got a good looking harvest. I was thinking about buying a few things, but... Maybe you don’t do this kind of thing here?”

The man who had seen what the girl took out became lost for words, but he was able to understand her question, thus, shaking his head in response to it. Nodding at the reaction of the man, the girl put the thing back and dragged her sack, heading to where the receptionist was.

Of course, because that man worked in that place, the thing the girl took out was something he had already become used to seeing. Therefore, he had lost all the reasons to stop the girl.

However, he still looked at the back of the girl that had just passed by him with a face that couldn’t believe what he had seen. As expected, he couldn’t imagine that the girl was the one who did those in. However, the one who brought those was that girl, and she was also carrying that much of an amount with her. Looking at the figure of the girl carrying the sack free of care, the man unconsciously frowned. He felt the world was growing insane.

And then, at that day, at the mercenary association of the city of Yarke, right at the moment the notice that the Varuhallua pirate group was destroyed came in, the name of the girl that got the reward for their heads became well-known.

The name of the girl was Bela Heirou. It was the name of the girl that from that day onwards was going to fight many wars piloting her machiini. At this instant, it was the first time her name was spread to the world.

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# Little girl sells heads

At that day, Harold knights of the Ruuin kingdom had spotted a strange sight.

In these past few months, the Harold knights had been following the Varuhallua bandit gang, which had been causing damage in the region. And then, a few days ago, they received information of their movements and were in a fast march towards the Rok village, which was where the bandits were headed towards.

However, when they arrived at the village, they noticed the sight of many dead bodies of the villagers exposed at the place in an atrocious state. It was to the point of one being capable of noticing that the village was completely ravaged with a single glance. There were no survivors, and all that could be heard was the cries of the few cattle that remained.

That bandit group was already one the knights had their eyes on since long ago. The bandits didn't have a settled base, and even if they were attacking the villages, they didn't have an intermediary to flow slaves into the market. Despite that, they casually attacked them to get their hands on food and the few gold coins that the villages would have saved up, and so they don't have any of the villagers running away to call for help, they would kill all of them.

Originally, this was a scenery that wasn't that rare to see. It was unpleasant to put it in that way, but the knights had seen this tragedy countless times when they would go after bandit groups. That was why that in itself wasn't a problem to them.

But what the real problem for them was is how [the bandit group was annihilated].

As far as it could be seen from the situation, it seemed that the bandit group had fought against a machiini and had been annihilated.

Machiinis were iron giants of three to four meters that people can pilot. One of the gang's machiini was collapsed, reclining onto a house, and the other one was destroyed, lying at the center of the town square and surrounded by the corpses of its bandit companions.

By the time the knights had arrived at the village, they had already received reports that the Varuhalla gang had been in possession of three machiinis. However, there were only two machiinis remaining at the village. The knights had heard that the third machiini was a young one of about three meters. However, it was nowhere to be found at the village.

Therefore, they guessed that most likely the certain someone that exterminated the bandit gang at this village brought the young Machiini together with him to have it sold.

Either way, there was no doubt that the knights had arrived late and had their achievements stolen by someone. And now, the Harold knights realized that their operation had ended up as fruitless effort.

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This was happening at about the same moment the Harold knights were being perplexed at the state of the desolated village.

At the Yarke town, which from Rok village it was to the west, there was a bit of an uproar happening at the mercenary association.

“I see. You were the one to gather those.”

While putting his hand onto his head, the receptionist of the mercenary association, Miran Val, was filling the entries of a report file. The reason for that was the little girl in front of his eyes that was unfitting of this place.

“They became kind of messed up, you see. It is the first time I’ve been harvesting, so there might be a few that are damaged. Well, I picked up the ones that seemed good and brought them here.”

With the blonde haired brown skinned little girl saying that, Miran could only comply to what she said with a cramped face.

The so called [harvest] was a nickname very often used among the mercenaries. Summarizing what the little girl in front of his eyes said in the way she said, it felt as if she was saying she harvested many tasty fruits that were

ripen right at the point, and was now asking him to buy them. The way she was talking about it felt just as if she was a little girl that came from her village in order to sell their harvest at the city, or so would it be the case if one wasn't thinking about the real meaning behind it.

“Ah, did she say she used to live in a village?”

She was Bela Heiroh, who was born at the village of Laila. Milan remembered that this was written on the registration documents he had received a few moments ago. However, at the moment, Milan thought this was impossible. No matter how, after thinking about all her irregularities, there was no way to believe in a bullshit such as this girl that was standing in of his eyes having been normally raised in a village.

This mercenary association Milan worked at was the term for the associations that supervised over the mercenaries and existed throughout the whole continent. But even with that said, it wasn't an organization that was united. This name was simply the general term for the organizations that intermediated between the jobs and rewards of mercenaries, and in majority, they were organizations that were like the local landlords of the territory they were located at, or possibly, they would even be directly governing a country.

In addition, the mercenary associations of towns of countries that were not at war would be there for the sake mediating between the subjugation requests of bandit groups and demon beasts and its rewards. It was not only famines and wars that made people suffer.

With that said, something such as a child joining the mercenary association was not something to be expected. However this was an organization that had the doctrine of prioritizing competency, and there was no such thing as age restriction established in the rules.

Besides, because of the “goods” that were laid in front of his eyes, Milan could not ignore the child's registering application as some kind of joke. Moreover, there were no mistakes with the document that had been handed in to him before. To begin with, even if she wasn't capable of writing, the staff would still be able to write it for her. In other words, except for Milan's discomfort coming from his general common sense, there were no problems with the little girl, Bela

Heiroh, being registered at the mercenary association.

“Well, fine. Was it Bela-san? For now, there are no problems with the forms. It will be possible for your registration in the association to be completed still today.”

Therefore, because of all this, Miran decided to pretend there were no problems with the situation and abandoned treating the girl in front of his eyes as a little girl. From Miran’s perspective, rather than a little girl, she felt more like a grandmother that had the stubbornness of the countryside. Even considering her exchange with the girl of a few moments ago, he couldn’t imagine that the other party was a child.

“Is that so? Now, can’t you give me my money already? I’m in hurry here. My stomach is already growling.”

She was tapping her belly in hunger, but even so, for a girl from the countryside, she had a physique good to the point of it being possible to notice that her raising was more or less good. The sound coming from her belly didn’t seem good in either case though.

“Then, why is it that you are in hurry? I’ve heard that you came piloting a machiini.”

From what she had heard from a talk of a few moments ago, the little girl had stolen a machiini from the bandit gang, and then, annihilated them at the same place. Even if the girl in front of her eyes was an existence that didn’t look very much like a simple child, as to be expected, Miran hadn’t been able to believe in that until the girl showed him the dragon heart stone.

Compared to other dragon heart stones, hers was smaller and its red light was bright. By common sense, one could guess by the size of the dragon heart stone how much prana it had gathered and how young it was by the brightness of the color of the stone. Miran could understand that the machiini Bela had stolen was one that didn’t have much battle experience.

And the little girl that didn’t behave like a child gave him a “Hah...” to Miran’s question while showing an annoying smile.

“It’s because I heard that a knight group was coming.”

Miran nodded at Bela's words.

Indeed, they received reports informing that the knights of the Ruuin kingdom were pursuing the Varuhalla gang. From what it is popularly known of knight groups, they were capable of doing things like killing people and making their achievements their own. Guessing Bela's thoughts, Miran gave a faint smile.

"The knight group of this country are honest, and I don't think they had ever done something like stealing people's achievements. In particular, the knights that were following after the bandit gang, the Harold knights, shouldn't have any bad reputation related to that."

"Oya? Is that so?"

Bela said with a face that didn't expect those words.

"If that is so, then I should have just scavenged things there without hurrying back here then."

With how she said that, Bela now started to look like a normal child being frustrated about something.

"But how did you know those things about that knight group? Could it be that you were tailing after them and attacked the bandits before they could?"

Bela shook her head at those words.

"Ah, that's not it. Hmm, I've heard that from this guy, you see."

And then, Bela pointed to one of the heads that had been laid there. Its features were beautiful, but the face was twisted in pain.

"When I was peeking at them for a bit, I saw that they killed those guys of the village right away. Well, I thought that it was weird for them to kill even the women without having some fun with them before, you see. After strangling him a bit, he said that a group of knights were coming and that they were planning on getting away from there quickly."

"I see..."

Miran let out a sigh. Her appearance was of a little girl, but the way she spoke was exactly like an experienced mercenary. Having something like that should have been impossible, unless that person was a great magician that renewed his

body. But with that said, the girl in front of his eyes was too vulgar to be a great magician. In any case, his idea that that girl wasn't something like a respectable existence didn't change.

"Well, at any rate, things like that always happens from times to times. I will be paying you with money now."

"Hya, fine then. Now, the money. Money; hand it already."

While extending her hand forward, Bela said. However, Miran shook his head with a wry smile.

"Sorry, it is necessary for the people of the assignment to come verify the heads. Besides, it takes a bit of time for us to do the registration. And so, it should take from two to three hours from now."

However, after hearing those words, Bela threw a tantrum.

"Hey, hey, don't be kidding with me. Even though I'm in the growth period, I didn't eat properly since yesterday at night here, you know?"

Miran thought she would say something like that. And so, while letting out a sigh, Miran took out his wallet. Then, while saying that it would be retracted from her reward later, he gave Bela some pocket money for her meal.

And so, while saying "Hyahya, you should have given it to me from the beginning", she took the money and left the association building with relaxed steps.

"What was this? That from just now."

Once the gate keeper man confirmed that Bela had left the place, he walked over to where Miran was and asked him this. Obviously, Miran didn't have the answer for that.

"I don't know. Let's just say it was someone disguising herself as a brat. She didn't seem to have a decent character, but she seemed to have the skills."

"Heh, is it even possible for this to be a disguise?"

"I don't know. She didn't seem to be a Korobo, but rather than thinking that she was a child, it is better for my sanity to say that is a disguise. For now, think of her as someone to be careful about. It won't be my fault if you go and cause

unneeded trouble because you rubbed her in a wrong way.”(TL note: Apparently, Korobo is a race of small people. I guess you can think of them as those guys from the lord of rings I forgot their name... Because it was written with the little letters that appear above normal letters, there was no way for me to add it to the translation...)

The gate keeper nodded at Miran’s words.

“Fine, but aside from the people of the association, I didn’t tell the people outside about her. Her looks seemed to be nice. She would be attacked by someone right away, you know?”

“There is no way I want to be babysitting someone’s child. Rather than that, having people that are from other organizations killed is what would be convenient.”

“Understood.”

Saying that, the gate keeper turned right and went back to the entrance.

“Good grief.”

Saying that, Miran leaned his back at his chair, slowly leaning his body weight at it. And then, he let out a sigh.

To begin with, Miran didn’t care about the little girl imitation’s safety. Even if that little girl that seemed to be a pain in the ass to deal with was to be killed, or perhaps sold away, he wouldn’t care. Just as he had said before, he thought it was convenient if troublesome things went away.

“”Well, she didn’t seem to be someone that would easily die, though.””

And then, by looking at the blood stains that were stuck at her war hammer, Miran thought that once the attacking side raised their hands against her, they would be the ones to be killed. As a matter of fact, she seemed to be someone that was a troublesome to deal with at the end of the day.



# Little girl calls them bitches

“Ah, I really got my stomach filled.”

The one to have let out a burp after saying that was a completely naked girl that was exposing her brown skin without any shame. The girl, Bela Heiroh, was sitting at the top of a boulder that was next to a river. While she was waiting for her body to dry from swimming at the river, she was eating her lunch. The machiini she piloted, [Aiandinna], was standing right beside her.

That place was a the river bed that was away from the Yärke town by only a bit.

After purchasing the lunch she bought with the money she received from Milan a few moments ago, using her machiini, Bela went to the river bed that was outside the town with the intention of washing her body that was dirtied with the blood of the bandits.

She laid the clothes she was using on the rock to have them dry up. Because she had been using the dirtied clothes for too long, as expected, the stains from the blood of the bandits that had been spilled onto them didn't look like they would vanish.

“But, it is really nice to be outside the village.”

Bela said while looking at the blue sky.

It has been one week since Bela had left the village she had been born at. Before, Milan thought the information of the documents used for the registration in the association that Bela gave to him some time ago were false. However, the fact that Bela had been raised only to be sold as an slave, and that she was actually about to be sold one week before, was without doubts reality.

At the Laila village, which was located at north from there, her parents were definitely still living there, and there actually were signs that a girl named Bela lived there. They shouldn't be able to know what happened to the slave merchant and the other slaves that went with him at that time when she had left the village with that though.

The red stone of the necklace hanging by her chest dimly shone.

“Ha... You are very heartless as well. You are almost like me, who killed my friends.”

The red stone Bela had spoken to shone even brighter. It was as if it became happy. The stone was part of the machiini's heart and also the most important part of the machine. It was called the dragon heart stone.

It was common sense in the Ishtaria continent that out of those iron giant that would be of three to four meters, the ones that had sentience are not to be piloted.

There were some times the machiini would move on its own will and act by itself. This tendency was especially strong for those that hadn't been born for many days.

Even when it was about Bela that it was being talked about, originally, she had planned to only hunt a few of the bandit group and get just some pocket money. However, what made it change that into a slaughtering was this machiini's selfish actions.

“Well, you also seem to be young, so let's enjoy the battlefields together.”

With a smile that was unusual to her, Bela gave the dragon heart stone a kiss. It was a young machiini that was still in its growth period. It wasn't reliable when comparing to a machiini that was rigidly raised to maturity, but there was still a big merit in having it grow up in accordance to her own methods. She was looking forward to this machiini's growth.

“What? In the end you were here, weren't you?”

“That brat said he saw the guy who piloted that coming here, but is it that little naked lass?”

While Bela was free of care looking at the sky thinking about the future, she heard a voice from behind her.

“Hm?”

When Bela turned her head back, she saw three men walking off from the gaps of the trees that were away from the river bed and walking to her way. As far as

their appearances looked, they seemed to be delinquent-like unsuccessful mercenaries.

“That guy... Hey, you are unlucky today.”(TL note: I don't know if this is really it... ヤツって.....おい、ついてねえぞ)

“Is it female? Well, I will make you into a woman. It might be a little bit too narrow though.”

While the men were giving vulgar laughs, without looking like she cared about it in particular, Bela went down the huge rock that she was standing at before. In response to that, the men ran and got in between the machiini and her, surrounding her. They had heard she used a machiini before, and they weren't stupid to the point of letting her leisurely get inside it. However, it seems it was too hasty of them to decide that the girl in front of their eyes was nothing without her machiini.

“Heh, what is this? Aren't you completely naked? Where is the machiini's dragon heart stone?”

“Hey, look properly. It's hanging in her neck.”

At the center of her flat chest, the dragon heart stone was hanging, connected to a chain.

“”They don't seem like they have much money, I guess.””

Without feeling any interest in the conversation of the men, she decided to appraise the men's clothes. There was no meaning to their talk. It was enough to know that they were going to one-sidedly steal the dragon heart stone, which could be said to be the machiini's key, and either decide to kill her or sell her. If there was no place for negotiations from the beginning, then you could only dismiss the idea. Unfortunately, the outside the cities was a lawless land the demon beasts lorded over, and which was where force was everything . It was a place that there was no need to hold back for anything.

“Well then, hand it over.”

Without noticing that Bela had already thought of her next movements, one of the men moved his hand towards Bela. However, right at the next instant, right after a certain sound was made, a loud groan was raised.

“Hya, don’t put your hand on the chest of a woman, you pervert.”

And then, the man that put his hand at Bela’s chest tumbled down. Bela was holding the war hammer that was leaning next to the boulder. Because of what happened, the hand the man put on her chest was twisted in an impossible angle and a red liquid started to gush out.

“You...”

Enduring the pain, the man was about to draw the sword that was at his waist with his undamaged hand. However, that did not happen. The reason for that was due to the war hammer that hit him on his head. Having his head splendidly cracked open, the man fell to the ground with his brain matter being splattered out of his head.

“This shitty brat!!”

“What did you do!”

The friends of the man that had his head cracked were about to jump at her after seeing that previous spectacle. However, as she jumped back, Bela held the dragon heart stone overhead.

“Kill then, [Aiandinna]!”

“Are you stupid? As if we would let you get into the machiini.”

Without anyone piloting a machiini, it wouldn’t move. It was a common sense that didn’t require you to have experience on piloting it to know. However, Bela laughed at the man’s words.

“Ahm? The one piloting it isn’t me. It’s [Dinna].” (TL note: For those that didn’t notice, it is the nickname of the machiini.) (TL note: Actually, I didn’t notice it until I finished translating the chapter. ^^)

The one to raise a scream was the men that was standing to the left of Bela.

Suddenly, the three meter giant fell onto the man from behind. The man standing at the right let out a voice similar to a grunt of a pig, and without being able to avoid the giant, he was crushed as well.

In the ground, a red flower blossomed. As if the machiini [Aiandinna] had felt sensation of crushing the man itself, a silvery steam was spurted out from the

pipe at its back, seeming like it had become excited.

“Ah...aah”

The remaining man looked at [Aiandinna], which was still fallen on the ground. He was scared that if he was to give one step forward, he would be crushed as well.

“My Dinna, you know. She prefers to ride rather than being ridden. Men are traitorous bitches after all.”

Bela laughed at the perplexed man with her “Hyahyahya” laughs. And then, the man that had his view clouded by fear looked at Bela.

“But either way, you cherry boy without war experience, foot soldiers can’t be getting so close to machiinis to the point of getting crushed by them just by touching. Even if I am a bit away from the machiini, I can still more or less have it move.”

The one standing there was a little child that it wouldn’t be enough to describe her by simply saying she was young. It was as if she wasn’t feeling the particular smell of the blood that was dying her brown skinned naked body. She was such kind of little girl.

Those eyes were like those of a warrior that had gone through countless battlefields, and her mouth was twisted into a smile that looked like of a carnivore beast.(TL note:-> ただ首より上<- I don’t know what this means... I think it has something to do with her height. ただ首より上、その目はまるで無数の戦場を渡り歩いた戦士のソレであり、その口元の歪みは肉食獣の笑みそのものであった。)

“Well, this don’t matter to you anymore, I guess.”

And the last thing the man had seen was the figure of an old woman laughing overlapping with the figure of that little girl.

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“Ah, chilly.”

While saying that, Bela wore some clothes that were which still were wet.

Because the blood stains of the clothes she had been using until now, she had washed the clothes of the man that she had just killed a few moments ago and

was wearing them. Because it was still too big for a child despite how many times she would fold it up, she cut about half of it and made the rest into a belt.

Also dismantling their light armor, she separated only the parts that seemed they could be of use as a defense and tied them in her belt.

“”I guess they were countryside guys. After using the armor for so long, it becomes useless””

After looking at the armor wrapped by her body, Bela complained.(TL note: It might be at their body rather than hers.)

Those countryside men were now a being washed away by the river. They didn't have a great amount of money, but she gratefully took it for herself to use later. Even if a corpse had money, there would be nothing to buy that they could make use of other than a coffin, and besides, those guys also wouldn't be able to order a coffin either.

After Bela finished changing clothes, she looked at the machiini [Aiandinna] that was standing behind her.

That machiini had the height of about three meters. Compared to the usual machiinis, it was still small, and it currently had only about one year since it had been made. Bela could see it was a young machiini just by looking at it.

And then, the hatch at the chest part of [Aiandinna], which was now in a sitting position, opened. While saying “heave-ho”, Bela went in the cockpit inside the hatch, took out a safety belt from the seat she was sitting at and set herself up. And then, she lightly pressed the foot pedal with her foot and held the control stick.

At the same time, the dragon heart stone that was hanging by her chest shone. The needle of the meter that was beside the pilot seat moved, and silvery steam gushed out from the pipe at the back of the machiini.

The machiini; in order to work, this iron giant was an machine that would absorb mana from a magic power river called Naagarain that was located at the atmosphere. Right now, [Aiandinna]'s magic power rotation rate had crossed over the level that could be considered stable. Bela looked at the meters that measured the overall status of the machiini, and deciding that there were no

issues, she lightly stepped at the foot pedal, making the machiini start to move.

“”Hmph. It’s easy to handle since it has no conditioned movement. It’s so good it is young.”

And then, while thinking that, Bela started to head back to the town. It had already been three hours since she had gone out of the mercenary association. Soon, it should be the time they finished confirming the reward for the heads.

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# Little girl makes insane plans for the future

Machini. An existence that had existed since the ancient times at the Ishtaria continent. It was the name given to the iron giants piloted by people.

The Machini was an existence that was near what a golem that moved by gathering mana from the Naagarain, the river of mana that flowed at the sky, would be. However, despite being made of iron, they would grow up, and machiinis that lived for a long time could also bear offspring.

[Aiandinna], the machiini Bela was currently using, was about three meters high; it was a small sized young machiini. Its power and speed still weren't very considerable, but it didn't have conditioned habits for when piloting it; if it was to grow up like this, the machiini would definitely become the ideal machiini to Bela.

In order to have it grow up, it is necessary for the machiini to kill other machiinis or great beasts and steal their Frana. Whether it was by fighting at battlefields or hunting down great beasts, at any rate, fighting was necessary for the iron giant to grow up.(TL note: Frana = spiritual energy ^^)

Piloting the young machiini [Aiandinna], Bela arrived at the town of Yarke after only a few hours passed going through the main road to the city. It was about the same amount of distance the hooligans from before had been tailing her for. To begin with, there wasn't much distance from the city to the river bank.

Once Bela got close to the entrance of the city, still piloting her own machiini, a machiini that was guarding the place immediately stood in front of her machiini [Aiandinna], blocking her way.

[You again? Do you think I would let you go inside the town like this?]

[Hyahyahya, sorry there. I've been staying outside for longer than I thought, you see. So I had to rush back here.]

Bela laughed at the guard shouting at her.

[Whatever, just leave your machiini at the parking lot and get out of it. If you don't, I will arrest you, shitty brat.](TL note: It's literally a parking lot, but it just



feels weird to use this word...)

Being hurried by the so vigorous guard, Bela led [Aiandinna] to the place the guard had pointed. It was a common rule for machiinis to not be allowed inside cities.

Stopping the machiini at the parking lot, Bela went down the machiini and entered inside the guardroom. After paying the fee for entering the city, she wrote down her name on the list.

“What is it, ojou-chan. Haven’t you become more beautiful than before?”

“Have I become beautiful?”

“Yes. After ten years, let me woo you for a bit.”

“Hyahya, then, when the time comes, let’s have some fun all the way until the morning together.”

Differently from the guard piloting the machiini outside, the young guard inside the guardroom had better attitude. After their quick exchange, Bela headed inside the city.

And then, once she closed the door of the guardroom and entered the city, the sun had pretty much already went down.

It was common sense that shops would open a bit after the sun has risen up and that they would close together with the sunset. This may not be the case for bars, but because it was still possible that this was close to the time the mercenary association would be closed, Bela immediately ran, rushing to the mercenary association building.

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The doors of the mercenary association building opened up with a “bang”.

Because the gate keeper man already knew she would be coming soon, he didn’t particularly get surprised, but the other men looked at the girl that had just entered inside with weird gazes.

They had never seen something like a little girl hastily going inside the mercenary association. By looking at how she wasn’t wearing armor and had a war hammer hanging at her back, it was clear she was wearing clothes similar to

the ones worn by their profession. Without being able to believe a child would be in such attire, some people thought she was of the korobo race, but the more they looked at her, the more they couldn't see her as nothing more than a child.

The korobo, the race these men had mistaken her to, indeed have low stature, but as to be expected, a child and an adult had clear physical differences. In other words, the little girl Bela reflected to the eyes of the mercenaries as an unexplainable existence.

And then, without giving care to those gazes, Bela walked inside the association. There wasn't any timidity in her attitude. It was as if she was thinking that she could just simply crush the heads of whoever that would come to get trouble with her.

"Give me the money."

"The first thing you say is that?"

Milan, the receptionist, gave a sigh. Not only was he already being troubled by how the problem child from before had come once again, the first thing she said were those words.

Of course, without paying mind to Milan's feelings, Bela waved her hand in front of his eyes as if urging him to hand out the money. Looking at her (putting aside whether it was pleasant to the eyes or not), even though the girl in front of his eyes looked like she could be seen as a child, this didn't matter to Milan.

"Well, fine then."

While dropping his shoulders at Bela's attitude, he took out the coin purse that had been prepared for her and put it onto the table of the reception. Only by looking at that, the men at the surroundings had their eyes become even more wide open, wondering what in the world was happening. It was obvious that that wasn't an amount of money that would be given to a child as pocket money. It was an amount that was as if she had subjugated a whole bandit group by herself.

"There are quite a lot of coins there."

"Well, because you were in hurry, we couldn't get the amount in the Agamas currency. This was the money we got by putting together all the money we had

here, so please overlook this.”

While saying “Well, it’s fine though”, Bela started to count her reward money.

“Other than that, we purchase machiinis. Would you like to sell yours?” (TL note: FUCK THIS SENTENCE “deep resentment” ->それと鉄機兵(マキーニ)の買い取りも受け付けてますが、いかがします？ <- T.T I can’t think of a way to translate this to english without it sounding weird)

“I won’t sell.”

While thinking there wouldn’t be any idiot that would sell their future companion, Bela gave an immediate response.

“Right.”

Milan had already guessed she would give this answer and only asked her that because he had promised someone he would. Then, finishing what he had to say about business, Milan asked Bela about a certain point he was curious about regarding the harvest he had received.

“By the way, I have one thing I would like to ask.”

“What is it? I am in a good mood right now. If you are going to ask, I can give you my answer.”

Laughing, while checking out the contents of the pouch, Bela spoke.

“The heads that had been given us all had been busted at the back. Is there any reason for that?”

“What is it? It is beautiful like that, so it’s fine, isn’t it?”

There were no problems with the identification of the heads, but its smell was intense and it was hard to clean it up. This was something he didn’t really want to be doing often.

“Yes. Well, it’s just something I got curious about.”

Bela answered with a serious face to Milan’s question.

“Isn’t it the human nature to want to crush people’s heads when you see them?”

Milan was mentally muttering to himself “Yes, in the end, she is really weird”,

but it seems those thoughts didn't reach Bela.

"Well, I just wanted to relax a bit, you see. But unfortunately, it seems I got a "miss" for all of them." (TL note: That thing about popcicles. I have no idea how this is supposed to be called in english →→)

"Are there "winning" ones?"

Going with the flow of the conversation, Milan ended up asking.

"Winning ones, right? It would be like... You see, since long ago, I would always feel annoyed when I didn't break something. So I was wondering if I would feel better if I smashed some heads." (TL note: I guess she is saying that she wondered if she would feel refreshed if she smashed heads, so after smashing some heads and not feeling refreshed, she decided all of them were "misses")

"Please, don't smash my head, ok?"

To those words, Bela responded by saying "But isn't it refreshing if you smash things even if a little bit?" but Milan ignored it. He didn't want to know how it would be to feel "relieved".

"Now then, please sign here."

"Alright."

Then, after Milan confirmed Bela's sign, he now officially could give the coin pouch to Bela.

The very heavy pouch had eight million nine hundred thousand Goldin inside. This was an amount that wouldn't be seen unless a mercenary group would have done a big job. Jobs like this wouldn't be possible to be completed alone to begin with.

"I am wondering if this much is enough for what I've been planning on buying."

"Oya? Do you have plans to purchase something?"

To Milan's words, Bela laughed, saying "Just some slaves".

"Slaves? Well, if it is this amount of money, it would be possible to purchase

some slaves, wouldn't it?"

"I want those that won't break up right away though. Would this much be enough?"

Milan started to think about what Bela had said.

"So what you really want is battle slaves. If it is average warriors, there wouldn't be any problems on buying five or six of them, but if you want first rate ones, it would be difficult. The cheapest would be a ten million. Depending of the place, it can be twenty or thirty million instead. I've heard that just recently, because some nobles were disputing one of them, it had reached the price of a hundred million."

"Is that so? Well, it is fine as long as they have good build and acceptable looks. It looks like those first rate are more disputed than I thought after all. And it would be a pain if I had to fight for them each time, you know?"

"Well, for either of those two, you don't really have enough money."

While shrugging his shoulders, Milan said.

"I don't really mind getting more money little by little, but it's not like I want to work on low paying jobs. So, I want something threatening there."

Saying "I see", Milan nodded. After thinking for a bit, he answered.

"In that case, what do you think about going to city of the battle-crazed after some time?" (TL note: でしたら少し待つてから What does he mean by saying after waiting a while? Is it because of the war? I guess there might be other stuff you can do to get good money at the city, but... I don't know ~~~~~~)

"City of the battle-crazed?"

Bela leaned her head to the side to the name she had never heard of.

"It is a city at the north from here that gathers battle slaves and make them fight each other."

"Are you talking about a Colossus?"

When Bela said the name of the city she was supposed to be sold to, Milan

noded. It seems her guess wasn't wrong.

"Yes, it seems that the war with the neighboring kingdom of Paroma is about to be over, so I've heard that soon a new batch of goods will be coming.

Once a battle is over, the captured soldiers are sold as battle slaves. Depending on the negotiations, there are times the person is given back to their country for a high price, but for the most of them, such wouldn't happen, and they would become battle slaves.

"I see. But, is this war still going on?"

Bela knew of the situation around here, but Bela wanted to aim for bigger jobs.

"Yes."

"In that case, they should still be searching for mercenaries, right?"

To Bela's smile, Miran answered, saying "please, do as you wish".

It was difficult to capture someone alive in the middle of the war, where friends and foes are jumbled together. Most of the battle slaves were soldiers that had surrendered after their army had resigned.

"I have a machiini with me for the people recruiting. I guess that's reasonable."

After finishing hearing the girls nonsense, Miran went back to doing his work. And then, with her laughing that was unlike that of a little girl echoing through the association, Bela left the mercenary association.

She didn't have any business with this town anymore. Bela's heart was already set towards the city of the battle-crazed, Colossus.

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# Little girl hunts bears

No matter what kind of world it is, there is always a difference in strength. And in that, things are classified from good to bad. Obviously, this was applied even for mercenary jobs.

It is said that even to a common nameless mercenary, each month, he would get about two hundred thousand Goldin by going to the war. It was a job that you would easily end up risking your life at, but having only one life, the reality was that most times there really weren't many people working at this business and only desperate people would apply for it.

If one was to enter in a mercenary group, half of the reward would be taken, but with it being a cooperative body, there was great advantage in being in the group. There was also the fact that if one didn't have an outstanding fighting prowess, there were better chances in surviving by joining in a mercenary group. If one had an outstanding fighting prowess, it was also possible for that person to become one of the leading figures of the mercenary group.

Besides that, although it was obvious that you would get even better rewards by going to war, even if they would fantasize about getting rich in one go, the truth was that mercenaries worked for the sake of keeping themselves alive, and so most of the people believed that it was fundamental to earn money in a reliable way.

Inevitably, things would go differently from expected and the number of deaths would get higher than what it was expected to be. However, if it was of machiini pilots that it this is being talked about, the situation would be completely different. (TL note: -->それが結果として戦場を分別の付いた戦いへと変えていて、死者数は考えられているよりも実はかなり少ない。<- Not sure about the accuracy here :/)

According to the estimations of the wage of a machiini pilot nowadays, even if it is a common and nameless one, they would get paid two million Goldin monthly. If one had enough strength to have received a nickname, depending on the negotiations, the amount could increase even more.

However, even if it was a nameless machiini pilot, if you brought down one enemy machiini, you would get a reward of four million Goldin. Besides, if you were able to get a machiini without destroying it, you would receive an additional ten million goldin. And so, machiini pilots were targets of envy, and at the same time, were targets that were worth a killing of money.

And so, although this was obvious, it was common that machiinis would be the ones to beat other machiinis down. Hence, they would go to the battlefield on their own volition. While making their names, at the same time, they would become appealing prey for other people. It was the reason why they were called the flowers of the battlefield.

With that being, most of the eight million nine hundred thousand Goldin of the reward Bela received was taken up by the money from the three machiini pilots. Although the amount of money wasn't much for how bandits were opponents that would make one need to fight seriously, she got the amount an average mercenary would earn in years in one go.

The little girl Bela, who currently has this great amount of money at hand, had gone deep into a mountain range.

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"Hya!"

Bela was piloting her Machiini [Ainandina], running through the mountain range while carrying enough money to modestly live half of one's life in comfort.

The ones that were following her were three giant bears of about five meters. They were savage beasts known for its extreme danger in the Ishtaria continent and were called greater beasts. The giant monsters that were following the machiini Bela was piloting were bigrobears, which were very violent even among the other bear races.

""They came in a batch, huh.""

With the field of vision being transmitted from the spiritual receptive stone and shown at the crystal eyes that were at the head of the machiini, Bela stepped on the left foot pedal with all her strength. (TL note: 感応石 = spiritual receptive stone would be good? I can't find a translation for this anywhere.)



From what I could find, this would be some kind of magic stone. Because of the kanji, I guessed it has something to do with something like talking to spirits, or in this case, being used for transmission.)

And then, momentarily inclining forward, the giant of more than three meters did a turn while scattering clumps of snow and earth from the ground. With the suspension system at its waist being loaded, silvery smoke intensively spurted out from its pipe, but even so, its balance wasn't broken.

Bela had used all the frana she had acquired from the two machiinis of the bandit group she had destroyed to strengthen [Aiandinna]'s waist. This had effects, such as the effect of the damper of the suspension system being able to absorb impacts better, and the structure of the legs having become sturdier and thicker than before. But these legs endured an impact it couldn't completely absorb. (TL note: Fuck this sentence. It made me want to hit my head on the wall at the time. Just saying ¬¬)

[Ha, go flyiiiing!!]

And then, doing a drawing an arc filled with intense centrifugal force, the war hammer hit the bigrobear who was approaching [Aiandinna] from the front at the head at full force, splitting into two and having its contents fly into the air.

[Hyaha!]

In answer to that, Bela showed a smile. However, although she was able to kill it, because the force of the swing at full power [Aiandinna] did was still too much for it, its stance broke apart.

[Show me some guts Dinna!!]

Bela was already prepared for this from the beginning. Skillfully stepping onto the pedals left and right, while regaining its posture and preventing it from stumbling down, in that manner, it fell onto the corpse of the huge bear that was still heading towards her, receiving its impact. However, Bela's aim wasn't only to stop the machiini's movements. Strongly pressing the foot pedal with full force with her posture still like that, she moved to the side and put the bigrobear's carcass onto the ground.

And then, the remaining bigrobear that was coming from behind crashed at

the bigrobear's carcass that [Aiandinna] had laid there.

""Gaah.""(ガァアツ)

The giant bear that had been following [Aiandinna] with full force until now had fallen down to the ground because of the impact. While looking at it with the side of her eyes, Bela looked at the remaining bear that was coming for her.

[Is it a brat!?]

Looking at the last one that was most likely a child bigrobear, Bela laughed.

[Haha, aren't you just scared!?]

While saying that, in response to the bigrobear that was obviously faltering, Bela increased the speed of [Aiandinna] in one go. Falling in fear, without being able to deal with those movements, the bigrobear had its heart pierced by the sharp pike part of the war hammer.

And then, the sound of the roar of the giant bear echoed through the mountain range.

That attack was a fatal one without doubt. However, no matter how much she had pierced it at its weak spot, there was no way the giant beast would stop moving all of the sudden. Pulling back from the child bigrobear that was violently using its last strength to move,

Ignoring the bigrobear child that was fallen and had bubbles made of blood going out of its mouth, Bela looked at the last bear.

[Are you angry? Well, you would be angry with that, right.]

While saying those words, shaking off the blood of the war hammer by doing a swing with it, the iron soldier [Aiandinna] turned at the last target and licked its lips.

It seemed that the bigrobear in front of its eyes had become angry in reaction.

That would be understandable. The bigrobears had gone after the iron giant in front of its eyes since it had suddenly invaded their territory. Those guys wouldn't attack human villages, and there also weren't any humans nearby for them to be attacked. They had got attacked unreasonably, and now it had its family stolen. However, in the nature, which the strong eats the weak, such was the

obvious.

The first to die was the father, which had its head cracked. The one to have its heart pierced should be the child. And so, Bela presumed the one in front of her eyes was probably the mother. Normal bears wouldn't meddle themselves in raising their child, but the bigrobear was a curious race in which the parents would raise their child. Because of that, it felt deeply melancholic.

However, Bela's eyes weren't showing sympathy or sadness. With her view shining in naked killing intent, she went forward with the machiini [Aiandinna], rushing towards their last prey.

And then, after two weeks, the sight of [Aiandinna] carrying more than ten pelts at the city of battle slaves, colossus, that was at the north of the Ruuin kingdom.

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The city of battle slaves, Colossus. It was close to the national borders of the kingdom, and it was a city that had many times changed its subordination to different countries and kept its existence through the times. Since its formation, it already had seven hundred years of history.

It had been at the control of the Ruuin kingdom for two hundred years, and until twenty years ago, it had been the center of commence of three countries. However, because the Ruuin kingdom and the Paroma kingdom started to war for territory, the trade became only between the third country, the common wealth of Biahma, and the Ruuin kingdom. Its demands were focused on weapons, mercenaries and battle slaves, which was what sold the most.

With the space inside of the city not being enough, presently, flea markets would be opened outside the city and people would gather. Moreover, because the entrance of machiinis was still not allowed as a general rule, it became the place where armaments and raw materials for machiinis were managed.

"I see. Those are good quality materials."

At the outside of the Colossus city, the merchant Kouza Benmark was letting voices of praise as he looked at the huge pelts.

"I just by carrying one of them is taxing, but yes, I've carried it all here. It

would be a waste otherwise.”

Here was a residential district that was inside the flea market. It was the place a big company, the Benmark company, traded their goods. In there, together with many other machiinis, Bela’s beloved [Aiandinna] stood there. At its feet, the bigrobear pelts, bones, smoked meat and oil were side-by-side.

“I didn’t hold back. Those are guys I got to crack their heads, so I don’t mind if you buy them cheap.”

“You don’t mind, you say.... Well, I will have many uses for it though.”

And then, while wondering what the little girl that was standing in front of [Aiandinna] meant by those words, Kooza answered that.

It was the pelt of a large beast. The fur at its surface was worn out, but the skin was more resistant than the average steel, and if it wasn’t knight groups that would give priority to elegance, it would be a material that could be used in anything.

“However, this is twelve pieces in total.”

One of the main reasons why Kooza was surprised was because of the amount of pelts that were brought.

“Originally, I was planning on getting about one or two. But maybe because they got attracted by smell of blood, they gathered at me.”

Kooza showed a cramped smile because of those words. Normally, this would be a situation a small squad of machiinis would get annihilated.

Actually, if it wasn’t for the hagre greater beasts that would go down to the villagers, there weren’t many machiini pilots that would be proactive at hunting greater beasts. There were many cases of people that would enter inside the beast territory deep inside the mountains just like Bela and end up surrounded by several beasts. Once the situation became like that, even if the machiini was of a “platoon class”, it was difficult to get out of the situation.

“I see. You’ve done quite the impossible. Specially with this young one.”

Looking at the three meter machiini standing behind Bela, Kooza grumbled that. Even though the machiini had been repaired by using the frana gathered

from the bigrobears, there were still scars remaining through its whole body. But even so, because it was able to properly move without losing its center of gravity, it seemed that the machiini actually hadn't received any fatal damage.

"It seems you have the skills befitting this result."

While in awe of the little girl in front of his eyes, Kooza spoke.

"Thanks for the praise."

Although Bela answered back with a smile to Kooza's words, they actually hadn't been words of praise.

Kooza thought it was a joke when he saw a little girl getting out from the machiini. He thought there was someone else piloting it, but nobody left the machiini other than the girl. And then, looking at the raw materials that were brought to be sold, he thought that wasn't something she had done alone.

However, looking at the state of the machiini, Kooza, who had been dealing with machiini pilots for a long time, he was able to imagine the outline of what had happened, and this had matched what Bela had told him.

The cute blonde and fluffy haired brown-skinned girl that had the appearance of the rahsa race of the west, which in addition, could also be said to be cute, was just a little girl, but right now, Kooza was able to understand her insides didn't correspond to that.

"The job done at the other things looks to be very precise."

"I've been at a village down the mountain for a week. I've told them I would give them part of the meat, so they've happily done it."

"This year had bad crops after all. This was something that had their life on the line, so they also did their job earnestly."

Bela nodded at the merchant's words, saying "I guess". This also was the reason why Bela was sold to a slave merchant.

""It was supposed for me to be sold in this place, right.""

Bela had memories of the name of the city of Colossus. Bela heard from the slave merchant that bought her that he was planning on having Bela bind by the slavery contract at this city.

""For now, I guess I need to be prepared for what might happen.""

Bela nodded to herself, but Kooza, who was in front of her eyes, didn't notice.

And then, with curious eyes, she looked around the surroundings. Because the flea market was outside the city, there were machiinis walking inside it, and they constantly would raise clouds of dust as they moved. At the Benmark company, there also were some machiinis. For the sake of appraising the pelts and other things Bela had brought, they came to take them.

""Oya?""

Bela looked at a green machine that had about two meters and a half which was moving around.

"Is that an "element"?"

Kooza nodded at Bela's words.

"Yes, it is the elven sylphy. Because they would be useful for cargo carrying, I had employed them. They work really well."

The sylphy was one of the elven elements, which would be summoned with elven summoning magic. They were iron giants that would have a maximum height of about two to three meters and had certain special abilities, but because their base strength was inferior, the impression that they were second rated machiinis was strong. This was a power characteristic of their race. Because they could be summoned, there was no need to be troubled about the space to store them or worrying about it being stolen. It seemed there were many people that would do routine tasks like that without going to war.

Because the demihuman races such as elves, dwarfs, drago and mamans, which were the ones that utilize the element, were rarely seen in this region, elements weren't really seen around.

Becoming more interested in the sylphies, Bela enjoyed herself gossiping with Kooza. Bela, who was from the countryside, had many things she was very interested at among the things Kooza was talking about.

And then, after about two hours of waiting, the appraisal ended.

# Little girl goes to meet with a slave merchant

“Yes, now I will be handing you your payment. Please, sign here.”

“Alright. Well, it should be about this.”

Bela smoothly wrote down her name: Bela Heiroh.

“Oya, despite being so young, I have nothing to criticize about your writing. It seems you’ve been very well educated.”

“Well, even though I used to live in a village, it’s not like there weren’t any books there. When I didn’t have anything to do, I would study by reading those, you see.”

What Bela had said was the truth. Even though Bela pretty much perfectly knew how to write the letters and words, the merchant Kooza didn’t take those words seriously. To begin with, no matter how much of education she received and how gifted she was...it was impossible for her to learn it by the age of six. Supposing Bela had some situation she couldn’t talk about, Kooza ended their conversation without commenting anything in particular about it.

The money Bela received from selling the raw materials of the bigrobears was more than thirteen million goldin. One unit of bigrobear skin would cost more than one million goldin, but with it, it was possible to produce a great amount of good quality leather armor made of them, which was boasted of being more resistant than steel. It was necessary to have craftsmen for that, and it would take a considerable amount of money to pay them, but even so, Kooza gave Bela an amount of money that would be considered a nice amount of money even for Kooza,

The percentage of death when fighting huge beasts even when using machiinis was very high. There were mercenaries that specialized at hunting them, but because they wouldn’t really hunt greater beasts other than the hagre ones that would invade villages, the amount this material would enter in the market wasn’t much. There was also this reason for the price to be high.

“By the way, is there a company called Vagahte in this city?”

After finishing counting the money inside the pouch she received, Bela spoke, breaking the ice.

“Yes, it is very big for its slave trading. What about it?”

“On my way here, I saw a corpse that seemed to be from someone from there, so I thought I should go tell them.”

“Very righteous.”(TL note: Better wording anyone? I couldn't think or find of a word with this meaning that doesn't feel chuuni D:)

Kooza said that, but when Bela heard that, she shrugged her shoulders.

“It's not that, you know? I need to buy some slaves. So like, I just thought of having them see me favorably.”

Bela spoke while showing a smile. Showing his understanding, Kooza said “I see”. This was easier to accept rather than she

“I am acquainted with the owner there, and you've sold me very good material this time. Since that is the case, how about I guide you there?”

“Hyahya,, this would be of help.”

After nodding to Bela's words, Kooza asked her.

“However, what kind of slaves are you looking for?”

“You see, I have this appearance after all. For some reason, people picking a fight with me happens all the time, so I kind of wanted some insecticide, you see.”

Bela happily spoke to Kooza. By looking at that happiness, Bela looked like a normal child that was happy because she was going to buy new toys, but Kooza couldn't look down at the girl in front of his eyes. The impression given by how she came with twelve pelts of Bigrobear was something that overpowered her appearance.

There was no way Kooza would pick a fight against a monster that would act as if greater beasts were nothing, but if one wasn't to know anything about this, there would be people that would come at her to try sell her as a slave. It wasn't something unimaginable.



“Well, for now, let’s go check there.”

“I will leave it to you.”

Nodding at those words, Kooza told his subordinates he was going out. Leaving [Aiandinna] at the parking lot, Bela headed to the city together with Kooza.

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Once she got inside the city, Bela could see the it was lively, but there also was a feeling of restlessness. Inside there, Bela, Kooza and three warrior escorts were walking.

“It is said that soon, the war is going to be over. So like, they want to sell out everything they can.”

While Bela was glancing through the situation of her surroundings, Kooza explained.

“Does this mean that I came in a good timing?”

“Perhaps.”

If one thinking only about the prices, perhaps this could be said, but in fact, all the good products had already been sold and everything there was left remaining were only the leftovers. Even if it was a slave that was expensive, the chance this one had certain peculiarities was high.

“By the way, what kind of slave are you looking for?”(TL note: Wtf is that ->購入するとすると<- in ところで、購入するとすると、どういったモノをお探して？)

If it was about having the insecticide, it would be enough to get some cheap slave that was all appearances. However, Kooza thought this wouldn’t be enough for a machiini pilot of her caliber to let herself walk along with a slave of such worth.

“I would prefer one that comes together with a machiini. Well, I guess one like this is impossible in the end.”

“Yes. To buy only one simple machiini by itself, you would need thirty million goldin.”

The costs for the compensation for the capturing of the machiini, changing its

owner, and the transportation costs would also be included. This wasn't something Bela could put her hands on.

"Well, I was thinking about other options and after looking at those silphies, I thought it might be better to look for element pilots."

"I see. Indeed, the price would be less, so it should be fine. However, wouldn't it be a bit lacking with just the money I have paid you before?"

"Well, I have my own savings here."

Nodding at Bela's words, Kooza stopped in front of a certain building that was facing the main street.

--

"Isn't it Kooza-sama?"

Once the gatekeeper of this building had seen Kooza, he lowered his head.

"Hey, I've brought another customer today. Is Marfoi there?"

"Yes, he is here today... But where is the customer?"

The gatekeeper looked at Kooza and the escorts that were next to him, and at last, he looked at Bela.

"Yes, she will be a good customer for you. Could you let us pass for now?"

"Y-yes, by all means."

While suspiciously looking at Bela, the gate keeper opened the door, and after talking to an attendant that was inside the building, he let Kooza and the others inside.

"Did you feel offended?"

As the attendant guided them through the building, Kooza asked Bela.

"Well, I can just purchase what I came for in other to the suspicions. There is no need for me to care about that."

Saying that with a wry smile, they continued to walk through the corridor. And then, at the end of it, there was a room that was needlessly decorated with gaudy ornaments. And inside it, there was a chubby old man.

“Hey Kooza. It has been a long time.”

Once the chubby old man saw Kooza, he extended his arms and came to hug him.

“Hey Marfoi. Likewise. It is good to see that your business has been going well.”

Kooza hugged him back. Releasing him, Marfoi looked at Kooza, and then he looked at Bela.

“Hmpth. I heard you brought a customer for me, but...”

Kooza was showing a smile to Marfoi. Marfoi narrowed his eyes and he increased his vigilance in his heart.

“It would be this ojou-san here.”

Looking from Marfoi’s perspective, it felt like a stupid thing to be saying, but by looking at Kooza’s behavior... it could only be seen that he was treating the girl as a customer. Marfoi would brag he had discerning eyes for people. Because of that, he was able to keep alive as a great slave merchant, but even so, he couldn’t see through the girl in front of his eyes.

“”What rich guy would tell Kooza to go buy escort slaves for a child? No, I guess there isn’t any. Her clothing is not even of someone that would have money. It doesn’t seem like he was playing house together with the kid.””

There wasn’t even the slightest feeling that the girl was showing the fear of strangers and the innocent curiosity that was typical from kids. The equipment she was wearing seemed to be cheap, but they were prepared having real combat in mind. Marfoi was able to feel that her gaze was also looking at him, evaluating his worth.

“Yes, Bela-san is indeed still very young, so it seems she doesn’t know well about the trading here. And so, I came here with her to help her.”

Bela laughed at Kooza’s words.

“I see. From what I can see... Would she be something like an adventurer?”

Guessing from Kooza’s tone of voice and Bela’s appearance, Marfoi said. If this was only a prank, he would be giving big laughs right now. However, this seemed

not to be the case.

“That’s right. I came here just to inform you about a thing here.”

“Inform?”

“It seems Bela-san had been next a person called Kidan from the Vagahte company in his last moments.”

“Kidan? Yes, he should have gone to the south now.”

With his eyes blinking with surprise at the name that suddenly came out, Marfoi said.

“He was eaten by some puppies, you see. Other than that, I’ve picked this notebook that was lying by him.”

Saying that, Bela put the logbook onto the table in front of her eyes. Bela had already tore all the pages that had things related to her and the Laila village. Looking at the dirt that was on the logbook, Marfoi made a bit of a displeased face, but Bela didn’t mind that.

“This... What can I say... No, first, thank you for contacting me. ”

Marfoi said. Kidan was the one Marfoi had been the most concerned about among the young ones that worked to him.(TL note:Not sure about the accuracy in this one --キダンがマルフォイが気にかけていた若い連中の中では頭ひとつ抜けていた男だった。)

“I think there were other slaves with him, but it seems they were eaten whole together with their rags, you see.”

“This is something that can’t be helped. Then, was Bela-sama fine at that time?”

Because Bela had said “puppies”, Marfoi thought she must have encountered the greater demons killed Kidan. In that case, why was the girl in front of his eyes still alive?

“Hah, there is no way I would be killed by only four puppies.”

“Bela-sama is skilled enough to defeat bigrobears.”

Hearing that, it seems Marfoi was able to understand this girl had something

going for her.

The information that raw materials from bigrobears had been sold at the Benmark company has spread even inside the city. And also, it was said that the one to defeat the bigrobears wasn't a group of combatants, but a single machiini pilot.

He didn't know how the little girl was able to fight them by herself,

Actually, at that time, Bela didn't have something like a machiini with her, and the weapon she was using was one she stole from Kidan. She had killed the demon beast with it, and then, she killed Kidan and the other slaves. Well, but there wasn't any reason to tell a trivial thing like that. Demon beasts attacked, Kidan died and Bela survived. The important part was only that.

"I see. You've done me a great favor. Let me give my thanks in the stead of Kidan."

"Hyahya, don't worry about it. Well, now the next thing I want to say."

To Marfoi, who wanted to give her his thanks, Bela said as if it wasn't that big of a deal.

"Now then, Bela-sama, you may be our client. However, Bela-sama must be aware of the merchandize we deal with, correct?"

Slave merchant. It was a well known business in this world, but there was no mistake this was a shady business. It wasn't something children could easily get related to. Most of the times. the parents would tell their children something like "If you get near them, they will make you their slave", so because of that, even if the person wouldn't do something like that, it was still a business that was expected to receive avoidance.

"Of course. I am expecting ones full of energy there."

However, there wasn't any feeling of avoidance or fear in Bela's eyes, who was laughing as she said that. All there was in her eyes was the feeling of anticipation just the way she had told him.

[][]

# Little girl buys a slave

Borudo Gaian.

It was the name of a man of the dwarf race that once used to fight for the kingdom of Ruuin. His age was currently over seventy, which for the dwarves that had longer life span than the human race, he could still be considered only middle-aged.

The dwarf race had low stature and since their young age, they would grow beards. Because of that, they looked more old than they were. After the forties, they would start growing white beard, which made them seem much older than they were.

Because of that, his appearance seemed completely like one of an old man, but the physical decline with the age wasn't rough when comparing to the one of the human race. Because of that, still being at his prime, Borudo's strength hasn't declined that much, so it could be said he was still fit for duty.

And at Colossus, the city of battle slaves, waiting for someone to buy him, Borudo was standing at the slave examination stand, or so how it was nicknamed.

Standing there, other than Borudo, there were also others of the spiritual races such as dwarfs and elves. Normally, they were sent to the battlefield as element pilots, but sometimes, merchants and such would go buy them for carrying cargo. In either case, they were only merchandized, and so, they were being displayed naked and in a healthy state. However, this time was different than the usual.

""But what kind of joke is this?""

Borudo muttered in his mind. He was looking at that abnormal situation with confusion.

The one in front of Borudo and the other slaves was the slave merchant Marfoi. At the present time, he would be who was their owner. At his side, there was a merchant they would be seeing his face from time to time and other

several guards. All this was still fine, but the real problem was the blonde dark skinned little girl of five to six years that was standing next to Marfoi.

More to the back from them, there were girls of thirteen to fifteen years in display, which were slaves just as them.

Being exposed for exhibition, there would be troubled young fellows that would habitually jerk off to them. As to be expected, there weren't anyone doing it right now, but it couldn't be helped the people there had their lower region straightened as they looked at the girls with bloodshot eyes. To begin with, this was what their aim was after all. Looking at that, Borudo thought it couldn't be helped that the innocent girls would get scared by those eyes filled with desire.

In reality, comparatively, those girls were the type of slave that could live a good life as long as they weren't bought by a nasty customer. Their face and age made their value. There weren't many stupid people that would hurt the product they had bought for their beauty, and actually, it wasn't rare that they would end up becoming their lover or wife. Having said that, to Borudo and the others, who despite also being slaves, they were standing at the "lower quality stand", which made a difference just like heavens to earth.(TL note: Note in the end of the chapter.)

Now, from what Borugo could see, it seemed the one that made all the people here gather was the little girl in front of his eyes that seemed to be still going through the tender years.

"This time, Bela-sama will be buying a few of you. I will have each of you draw out your elements later, but for now, each of you are to do your own appeal so that Bela-sama can appraise your worth."

Although Marfoi had said that, the one in front of his eyes was only a young little girl. Besides, it seemed that Marfoi was also troubled by that.

"In the end, the real big ones are the dwarfs, right. Is that the typical for elves?"(TL note: OMG -- To think that this I was having so much trouble translating... To think what they were talking about was... Well, just read it down bellow. Sorry for the useless note, but I had to do that xD)

“Well, they sell because of their faces. They don’t really do the thrusting”

Kooza answered to Bela’s question.

“So they get stiff for that side?”

“They’ve been thrust by men at their rear for so many months after all. And of course, if I had to say, they would be the ones being thrust at.”

“I don’t need gay ones. I wouldn’t be able to have fun in the future after all.”

Having no idea what the girl was even talking about, Borudo cursed in his mind.

“Now, this old man here is full of wounds and [full of charms], but his essential part is a bit dispirited. How old is he?”

Without thinking, Borudo answered back to the words of the child.

“There is no way my thing would get stiff by looking at a kid like you. For me to get stiff, you would need to bring me a bitch.”

Marfoi’s face became stiff because of Borudo’s words. And then, when he was about to raise an angry shout, Bela stopped him by raising her hand.

“”Tch, what is with this brat?””

She had an aura of someone that was used to have people obeying her, but from what Borudo could see, her magical power was still undeveloped. Races that categorized as the element using spiritual races had eyes that could see magical power. Even if someone was to try to fool those eyes, even if the person was very capable at hiding the quality of their magical power, it was rare for someone to be able to fool those eyes.

And at least from what Boruto could see, the magical power of the girl in front of his eyes seemed to correspond to her age. The quantity wasn’t that much. Even if she became a magician, she would at best become one below average.

“You are like an old man, but from what I can see, yours isn’t a small and skinny one. As long as you are not incompetent, it would be fine. Only, you comforting me will be coming later. The problem here is if you can hold out after ten years though.”(TL note: ゲームの首 can’t find it anywhere on google... I guess so considering what it probably is 0.0)



“Well, I believe the dwarf race become energetic when you give them alcohol.”(TL note: I just wrote what I think it is saying there. ->まあ、ドワーフ族は酒さえ入れば機能自体は持つと思いますよ<-)

Nodding at Marfoi words, which had veracity to a certain point, Bela moved the pen at a list she was holding.

“Well, it is a circle.”(TL note: It would be that thingy you use that is the opposite to X. I have no idea what word I should use for that.)

“”Why are you putting a circle there!?””

Borudo wanted to scream that, but this time, Marfoi was glaring at him. As to be expected, when he thought of him yelling again just like moments ago once... Now that he cooled his head down, taking care to hold himself back as he was still a slave.

— — —

And then, at the appointed day, Bela was able to verify the element of all the slaves.

The day after, went to three other slave trading companies that had element pilots. One of them refused to receive her, the other one had the prices too high for the quality, and the last one tried to enslave Bela, in which resulted in a sea of blood at the place. It wasn't necessary to say whose blood it was, but to have wasted one day due to the investigations of that incident was very tough.

And then, after seeing through the slaves, in the end, the most notable one was the dispirited old man she had seen at the Vagahte company.

“Borudo Gaian, right? It's nice that you can use your gnome, but in the end, your price is high compared to the others.”(TL note: ->ノー△<-Yeah, the G is silent brah. So cool brah.)

Inside the room Bela rented, as she looked at Borudo's documents, Bela spoke.

The reason why the veteran that was Borudo had been left unsold until today was written there. It seems that he was sold to nobles four times, and had

returned four times as a returned good.

It seems that despite his shield holding gnome, which excelled at protecting, responses such as that he stuck out too much, that the maintenance of the gnome was problematic, and that it didn't correspond to the sense of aesthetics of nobility kept repeating. Marfoi believed the reason why that problem happened was all because they were nobles, but in fact, the main reason for the problem was the stubbornness of that old man that had been seen at his retorting back then when he was at the stand.

""His wounds should be the spanking from the nobles. Maybe it is because he is old, but he is kind of the type that can't change himself to live more flexibly.""

Keeping to set his price high because of his actual strength seemed to have ended up backfiring. Because of that, even because of the of the last month's demands, Borudo remained unsold. Looking from the perspective of the Vagahte company, this was the same as having to hold onto merchandize that was problematic to look after.

— — — —

"Are you really buying me then?"

Looking from Borudo's view, this was like a nightmare. For Marfoi, it could be said he was getting himself rid from trouble.

"Hah, quite the conceited slave, right?"

"You imbecile. [Gimru]!"

With Marfoi's words, Borudo screamed as he scratched the back of his head.

"Yeah, this is the effect of the slave mark, right?"

"Indeed."

What Marfoi chanted was a word inscribed at the slave's body, which was the incantation for the binding technique used on slaves that was called slave mark. Right now, the slave mark had already been renewed, and now, except for Marfoi and Bela, the chant wouldn't show effect for anyone else.

"Slaves that don't obey are disciplined like that. Borudo, from today onwards, this person will be your owner. Think of it as your last chance and make effort."

“Un-understood.”

“Hoho, [Gimru].” (ほーほー)(TL note: Hohohohohoho!)

“Gyaaaaaah!!”

In reaction to Bela’s chant, Borudo writhed in pain. Looking at him, Bela laughed.

“Hah, I see. It seems very effective. That’s quite the good job there, Marfoi.”

“Yes, thank you very much.”

Being pressured by Bela’s satisfied smile, Marfoi said.

“”As usual, she is quite the scary girl.”

Marfoi thought. Her appearance and the build of her body was fitting of her age. It wasn’t magic nor illusions. Or possibly, Marfoi couldn’t see through the trick and couldn’t see Bela as anything other than a young little girl.

However, from her peculiarities, Marfoi could feel the smell of money.

Milan from the Yärke town felt her to be a person difficult to handle, but it wasn’t the case for Marfoi. She indeed was someone troublesome . However, if he was to put up with that, she would become a fountain of gold. It was because he had been doing these kind of things well during his life that slave merchant Marfoi was where he was right now.

Perhaps this was the difference between a successful person and a person living an ordinary life. But even with that said, to begin with, if one didn’t put up with her well, one would end up as a corpse.

After doing the formal procedures of signing at the documents for changing the ownership of Borudo, Bela left the building of the slave trading company along with him.

[[[

(The note:Just copy pasted what used to be up there. It was too long, so I put it here ^^ There is a kind of weird thing going here which there is this “pig room: 豚部屋” and octopus room “タコ部屋” 0.0 It says the girls are at the pig room and Borudo and the others at the octopus room. I was able to find the

translation for the “octopus room”(which might not be literally octopus being used in the word), which means: labor camp; labour camp; low-quality accommodation for laborers. I couldn’t find anything about the pig room (which is literally pig room^^), but I guess it is in a better standing than the octopus room. They are standing on some kind of exhibition platform or something, so I guess it is talking about the ranking of the platform or so. IDK what the fuck I am supposed to put there, so I will just leave it as “lower quality stand” and hope someone can give me an idea of what to put. Ah, besides that, it is written 調度品として買った in 度品として買ったものを傷つけるバカはそれほど多くはなく, which seems to literally translate to buying as a furniture. I guess it was used because the guys buying would be buying the girls for their beauty, so I just put that -.-)

# Little girl gives a gift

“Hah... Hah...”

“Now, stop acting like an old man and come here already. We don’t have time to waste.”

“Is this supposed to be something a brat should be meddling about?”

“What I am worried about is how many years you have left.”

Not caring about Borudo’s sour sidelong glance, Bela headed to the town.

“”Well, it seems my protective charm is having effect.””

Bela felt that the gazes of people evaluating how much she would be paid for were less than at the times she was by herself. That was obviously because of the dwarf old man walking behind her. Because he still had just been released from the cage, he was still wearing rags. Despite being small, dwarfs had their characteristic muscular physique, and so, despite the rags, it seemed that his muscular and covered in wounds body was drawing attention from the surroundings.

Most of the scars were from whips, but because it was apparent that that dwarf was entangled in some kind of trouble, it seemed there weren’t many people that wanted to casually get involved with him.

“It seems that you have been very noisy today, right.”

“Is that so? These last months, I’ve been inside a cage all the time, so I don’t really know much about what’s going on outside.”

In these last months, Borudo’s world consisted pretty much of only being in a cellar and sometimes going outside to the courtyard that was there. It has been months since he has walked in a town like this.

“Ah, is that so? Well, fine then. I kind of have an idea why you are lively anyway.”

Borudo tilted his head to the side in confusion of Bela’s words, which seemed to be holding a hidden meaning. However, without caring about it, she staringly

looked at him from his head to his toes.

“What is it?”

“No, it just that I just saw they washed you up.”

“I’ve just been bought after all. They do that kind of stuff before sending the slaves to people.”

Borudo answered. If Borudo was still dirty, Bela would have to first have him wash his whole body. However, since it seemed that this wasn’t going to be necessary, she advanced her plans and decided to head to the equipment shop.

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“Welcome, Bela-sama.”

“Yeah, I am here again.”

Bela answered to the shopkeeper. With amazement, Borudo, who had suddenly been brought to the shop, looked around at the interior design that despite how it was of an equipment shop, was of good quality. However, with a hand gesture, Bela signaled him to go forward. Thus, just as ordered, Borudo headed to the front of the shopkeeper.

“What is it?” (Borudo)

“Ah, this is the slave I talked about yesterday. It looks like he is as much brawny as I had guessed before. So, can you have it prepared?”

Without reacting to Borudo’s words, Bela asked the shopkeeper.

“Yes, there are no problems. Do you want to have it immediately set up?”

“I will be counting on you for that. Borudo, go have a dressing up together with those onii-chan’s there for a moment.”

“Yeah, do I look deaf to you? Yes, yes, I got it.”

“[Gimru]!”

“Gyaaah!”

By the binding spell, once again, Borudo screamed in agony.

“Leave it at that. You aren’t some brat at the rebellious age.” (TL note: What does ->シャキッとおし<- mean? -.- It translated it to “leave it at that” since it would make sense if that meant something similar to that.)

“Dam... m.. Yes, I have understood, master. ”

With an angry tone of voice, Borudo readily stood up and was brought to the back of the shop by the other shop assistants.

“Sorry there. Really.”

“Please, don’t mind. It seems that slaves that are captured old are this much difficult to deal with after all.”

The shopkeeper gave a bitter smile. After people grow old, it becomes difficult to correct their personalities. Bela, who was aware of that, nodded.

“Right, it becomes hard to train once the age takes them. I bought a really troublesome product.”

Saying that, Bela laughed with her usual “Hyahyahya”, and the shopkeeper gave a dry laugh in response. That was something a child usually wouldn’t really be talking about.

“Then, that thing we talked about yesterday. Did you get the info?”

While looking at the behavior of the shopkeeper, Bela changed the topic of the conversation.

“Yes, well... It looks they are going to lose in the end... My country...”

With a low voice, the shopkeeper answered Bela’s question.

“It is said the front lines are hectic. People are crowding into the invading troops of the kingdom of Paroma, so it can’t be helped.”

The shopkeeper was talking about the territorial war at the Moro territory Bela had been thinking about participating. At the time Bela came to this shop yesterday, she heard about this topic about the unrest of the war being talked about. The reason for her to have decided to buy Borudo was because she believed he would pay off after a while. However, Bela still had done this with

incomplete understanding of the situation since she didn't know in details about the movement of the Paroma kingdom.

"I heard that they didn't have it that easily though."

With Paroma's current situation, they feared that they wouldn't be able to defend against the other neighboring countries if they invested more military power than they had already done. The kingdom of Ruuin didn't expect that their power would increase even more once they got here by somehow getting more soldiers and other supplies for the territorial war.

"Right. There have been rumors that they were able to get a supporter, though."

"Well, those are just rumors, aren't them?"

"That was from yesterday. I don't know about today."

There was no way it was possible to get detailed information about what was happening at the present.

"We merchants are greatly affected by how the tide of the war goes after all. By now, we are trembling in fear about it."

Bela smiled at the shopkeeper, who his shoulders shrugged, saying "It looks tough for you".

And then, after they had some more idle chatting, Borudo finally came back from the back of the shop. However, it looked like Borudo was feeling hesitant. Perhaps it was because he understood how expensive the thing that he was wearing in his body.

"What is it? You have the face of a pigeon that was shot."

Saying that, Bela laughed. Borudo was wearing a full plate armor. While it seemed to be second-handed, it was of first quality. What he was holding was a big steel axe; this one seemed to be new.

"Hey, is it fine for you spend this much?"

It was a price high to the point of making Borudo timid about it, but without even batting an eyelid, Bela took from her pouch all her fortune, which amounted four million goldin. It was a price that one could use to buy two or



three average battle slaves.

“It seems the size isn’t bad.”

“Ye-yes.”

Borudo nodded at Bela’s words. The undergarments were prepared to suit the armor, and there weren’t any objections with the feeling wearing the armor gave.

“This is one of the shops of the Benmark company, you see? Well, it looks like they have good quality equipment selling here.”

The shopkeeper nodded with a smile at Bela’s words. Actually, yesterday, Bela had bought equipment for her as well. She had a custom armor being made for her by using the armor parts from the time she killed the delinquents near Yarked town. The focus of that armor was on it to be easy to move around with it on similarly to the equipment used by the Korobo race. Bela also had purchased a brand-new war hammer.

“You... No matter how many bigrobears you’ve killed, for you to be spending like this without even batting an eye...”

“[Gimru].”

“Angyaaah!!”

Without any mercy, Bela disciplined the old man that lacked any learning capabilities.

“It is not “You”. You are a man that really don’t learn. Don’t forget your position as a slave. Are you that stupid?”

“Gh, kkk. Master... is it fine for you to give me such good equipment?”

Borudo was a gnome pilot. He didn’t directly battle, so there was no way it was necessary for him to have equipment for himself. He didn’t think it was necessary for him to be so heavily armored.

“I can protect myself on my own. What I want you to be is a protective charm for me.”

“Charm?”

“There are many people that have nothing to do with their life that just want to get trouble with me when I am walking outside.”

Bela answered Borudo’s question.

“Ah, it was that.”

And then, he made a face that was satisfied with the answer.

If a person was to ask someone to kill Borudo, anyone would decline. However, when it would come to the little girl in front of his eyes, she definitely had the appearance that made it seem like one could make money by selling her. It was possible to imagine by looking at her brown colored skin of the Rahsa race that in the future she would get a body men would be fond of.

“”Her insides are all rotten though.””

That thing wasn’t a brat. At least, she was different from the children Borudo knew about.

“Now then, we should get going.”

“Hah? Where to?”

“It seems you are a slave that really likes to be disrespectful. [Gim...”

“Ah, wait. Rather, please, wait.”

“Don’t forget who is your master.”

“Mas-master.”

“Hyahya, it’s fine this way. A slave must be respectful and modest just like a slave is supposed to be.”

While saying that, she gave a farewell to the shopkeeper and was elegantly guided out from the shop.

“So, where are we g... heading to, master?”

Borudo, who was tired of the punishment, once again asked Bela, who was walking slightly in front of him. And then, without giving him punishment this time, Bela answered him.

“Where? Isn’t it obvious. To work.”

The savings Bela had been gathering until now were completely used up. She needed to get more money.

“All my money had gone to you, you see. You will need to sweat to get to eat your rice.”

[][]

# Little girl hunts bandits

Four days have passed since Borudo Gaian became the slave of a little girl called Bela Heiroh.

There were many opportunities for Borudo to talk to Bela during this time, but all he got to know about her was a bunch of things you would hear from those “heroic tales” people would tell to their children. He heard how she killed a whole bandit group that was attacking a village, the two times she killed a group of bigrobears, and also how before all that she used to be a normal child that lived at a village.

Obviously, Borudo didn't believe those things, but by considering the words of Bela Heiroh herself, it seemed that she used to live at a village called Laila.

Apparently, she was good with her head since back then. She would learn so fast that was as if she was only re-experiencing things she already knew about, and she would be called a prodigy since she was little because of her eloquent pronunciation.

It wasn't definite whether her current personality came from her treatment as a genius or whether she was like that since the beginning, but there was no doubt that even for Bela, who was like that, some days ago it had been a turning point to her.

This was her seventh year since Bela had been born. It seems that Bela's family got into a situation they wouldn't be able to make through this winter without selling her because of the bad harvest.

It wasn't that Bela's parents wanted to throw her away. That was all the more when thinking about her future prospects. However, if they continued to live together, they would rot together. For the two western immigrant farmers of the Rahsa race struggling in poverty, they had only two choices: Whether to sell the daughter or the mother.

Besides that, because of the good looks Bela had, her parents also thought she would be able to live a good life even as a slave. It seemed that that was told her many times while Bela was being brought to the slave company. Of course, her

parents were conflicted since they wanted to avoid having their child sold, but in a realistic perspective, they had done the right choice.

Regardless of the details, Bela was able to get her hands on a machiini and a slave, and now was working as a capable mercenary. While she was only a young girl of six years old, she was able to learn methods of being able to live alone. The more he asked her about it, the more he convinced himself she was a terrifying kid.

That is, if what she said was [reality].

Borudo thought all that had obviously been just bull. The contents of her story wasn't something that could be believed after all. However, in case all that story was the truth, Borudo had one thing that was bothering him.

“”But what is bothering me is what happened to the slave merchant that had bought that brat.””

Borudo uttered inside his heart while looking at Bela, who was walking in front of him. Actually, back at the Vagahte company, Borudo had also heard Bela talking about the incident the slave merchant had died. With that in consideration, there weren't many different possibilities...

“Well, this has nothing to do with me though.”

This was something he had no evidence of. Generally, there was nothing that could be done about things that would happen outside cities such as things related to demon beasts or bandits unless there was evidence. Besides, Borudo guessed his treatment at the Vagahte company wouldn't get better if he was to tell them about that.

“So, our target is supposed to be somewhere around here, right?”

“Aren't we already looking for one of them to guide us there right now?”

Bela answered Borudo. Right now, Bela and Borudo were walking at the main road. Bela's machiini was now hidden inside a forest away from here. Because Borudo's gnome has to be summoned, it wouldn't be there without his call in any case.

Borudo had a thick piece of cloth over the armor that was bought for him at

the battle-crazed city of colossus, thus hiding the armor, and also was carrying a huge rucksack that was mostly empty . Bela was having her appearance hidden by a mantle. It was to the extent that she could have her body covered, but it still couldn't hide the handle of the war hammer she was carrying at her back.

The handle made them look very suspicious, but in terms of appearance, they still somewhat seemed like an old merchant that was being accompanied by his grandchild. But more importantly than these details was the “heavy” rucksack that was being carried by an old man and the child. No matter what angle were they to be seen from, they reflected as a delicious prey for “them”.

“See? They came.”

“Yes, yes.”

Looking at Bela's proud face, Borudo answered back while having cold sweat

There were three men standing in front of Bela and Borudo. Behind them, two men jumped out from the shadows of the trees, taking away their path of retreat. By looking at their equipment, it could be seen that those men were your everyday bandits. They were Bela's prey this time.

— —

Abares Masgai

He used to be a pilot of a knight group of the Paroma kingdom, which had become disarranged by the attack of the soldiers of the Ruiin kingdom in the territorial war at the Moro region. Their leader was the single child of a mid-classed noble. With all that happened, if he was to go back to his country, it was clear that the noble father would have him punished for having abandoned his leader. Because of that, in order to keep living, Abares had no choice other than to desert. At least, that was what Abares believed.

And so, together with his comrades of the knight group, he crossed the country borders and started to in the kingdom of Ruuin. Fugitives and other people that were already used to deal with that business would join them and become his subordinates. By then, Abares was commanding a bandit group that was so big to the point that it made his head have a price in only a single year.

Just like Abares had predicted, the kingdom didn't have the spare time to be going after bandits that would only attack villages that were so close to the battlefield. Hence, Abares and his group were able to do well.

Right now, Abares' group were using a ruin of the old civilization of Ishtaria as a base and were living their days.

"I only need to keep up with this soon. Thi

Lying on his dirty bed, Abares muttered.

Next to Abares was a sleeping girl that was of an age which she could already be called a young lady. It was a girl that used to live at a village his group had raided half an year ago whose name was Yunan.

Her head was bad, and it seemed she would obey anything anyone would tell her to do. She was a weird girl that even when she was being embraced by Abares and his group, she would gladly keep shaking her hips enthusiastically without shedding any tears. She was probably being treated the same way in her village. However, it was nice for her that it could be said she was living a good life compared to the others that would even after all this time cry while they were treated as playthings. It wasn't clear whether she aware of it herself, but right now, she was in a position where she was considered the "boss' wife". In fact, she was probably living her best period of her life right now.

She wouldn't be hit and wouldn't be looked at with scornful eyes. She would be given food. To the girl, that place was like heaven. To Yunan, Abares was like the prince of a fairytale.

"Paro...ma?"

"What, did you wake up?"

Seeing that the girl that had just woken up, Abares stroked her cheek with a smile.

"That's right. It is my birthplace."

After he said that, his face became dark.

"But yeah... My birthplace. For me to keep up as a bandit there... I would rather go to Oubo and become a mercenary there or something, I guess."

Arbas was someone that already had a price for his head, but that was at most only in the Ruuin kingdom and in the mercenary associations of its allied countries. If it was him, a machiini pilot, he would be able to earn money for the food expenses as much as he wanted. He still could start over. No matter how much he had done.

“When that time comes, will you come together with me?”

“I wi...ll.”

Arbas smiled with Yunan’s words. The way he had raided villages, killed defenseless people and raped girls out of their volition agonized him. While he would be all for it at the time of excitement, when it was over, he would be filled with guilt. While he got used by now, there were those lingering regrets remaining somewhere in his heart.

He used to be an elite machiini pilot even among other pilots in his knight group and used to be a man that walked the path of righteousness. He would always be having the desire to start over.

“”This kind of lowly life style isn’t for me.””

Abares thought as he stroked Yunan’s head.

“”For me, I want a more peaceful...””

“Leader, its bad.”

His mind that he had momentarily abandoned to his delusions was immediately turned over by the sound of the door that had suddenly opened and the voice of his subordinate.

“What is it at a time like this!?”

Right now, the sun had just started to rise outside.

“It’s an attack. A group composed of a machiini and a machiini carrying a giant shield that is probably a gnome are attacking us.”

“What did you say? How many? Which knight group?”

“Two... Uh... They aren’t a knight group.”

“”Well, since they are using a element, I guess so.””



Knight groups wouldn't let the spiritual races join them. While there was the racial problem, there was also the problem how the spiritual races couldn't use pilot machiinis. Thus, if there was a element pilot, it definitely shouldn't be a knight group.

"But even so, there are only to, is it? It seems we are being underestimated."

Including Abares himself, Abares' bandit group had five machiini pilots. They also had a Salamas pilot of the dragonyutte race.

One time, they had driven away a knight group they had clashed against. But even so, the report he got from his subordinate made Abares throw away his composure.

"Gukuru's Salamas and Ron-aniki's machiini had already been destroyed. Makk and the others are waiting for leader to come."

Abares was able to guess from those words that those people weren't the average guys.

"Tch, alright. I will also go there soon. Prepare the chains and arrange everything else. Quickly."

"Yes. Please, come fast."

While looking at his subordinate leaving his room, Abares wore the first shirt he could find and jumped off from the bed.

"Well then, I will go now."

"Ye...s"

And then, after stroking the head of the girl who was making an anxious face, he left the room. Once the door closed, Yunan had the feeling that she saw an old woman she had never seen before.

[][]

# Little girl runs amok

[Hyaha!!]

Bela's laughing voice reverberated from the voice amplifier of the machiini.

Piloting her loved machine [Aiandinna], Bela swept her war hammer at the archers that were standing over the walls, threw the pieces of stone that fell from the way at the bandits, completely pulverizing them. The bandits that came close to her would be turned into a lump of red colored meat with one stomp.

There was no sense of sympathy there. The organs that clinged onto the war hammer, the lumps of meat that covered her whole machiini and the red color on her foot didn't stop Bela's movement.

Bela simply dashed forward in her earnest, swinging her war hammer and reaping all life that entered her sights. There wasn't the slightest sadness or respect for life in there. The laughing voice that didn't seem to be coming from a child echoed and the ground was dyed in fresh blood.

Bela was at a fort. It was an ancient fort that has already decayed and was surrounded by trees. Bela and Borudo launched a surprise attack at this fort that has been turned into a hideout for the bandit group right as the sun had just risen.

[She is really twisted.]

Following behind [Aiandinna], who was charging at the bandits head-on, was a two meters and half gnome that was holding a giant shield of about three meters high. It was a type three element that specialized in defence, but the shield it held had edged blades around it, making it the weapon called "swordshield". With the prided arm strength of a gnome, it could well enough carry this protective equipment that would become a weapon by using it to bash.

To begin with, the gnome pretty much didn't have the chance to display its capabilities.

If there were any leftover bandits that Bela didn't eat, it would be to the

gnome to kill them, and if there were any ambushes, Borudo would need to act in accord to her orders, although it seemed that that wasn't going to be necessary. That thing in front of his eyes was like a tornado. It was a catastrophe made of steel.

[Hyahyahya. So weak. Those small fries. In the end, the likes of a bandit group only amounts to this much!]

While rapidly smashing through the lookouts, Bela laughed as she said that.

In the end, they were only humans. They would be sent flying just by being hit by the giant lump of steel the machiinis were. If they are stepped on, they become pulverized. Just by being grazed by the war hammer that was made to be used by a machiini, their arm would be blown off to pieces and sent flying. That was the reason why machiinis were called "pulverizing weapons".

While Bela was running through the fort, there had been many traps prepared for machiinis that were called "chains", but with there being no way for Bela to be caught by the amateurish traps, it instead made her be surprised with their lack of skill.

However, that one-sided violent rain of blood, meat and organs didn't last for long. She heard footsteps that didn't come from her [Aiandinna] and that were coming from the back of the fort.

[Ohoh, the prey finally appeared.]

Two machiinis appeared in front of Bela's eyes. Seeing them, Bela raised a joyful voice. She finally found an opponent that seemed to have some bones. There was no way she wouldn't be happy about that.

""So, I will have you become Dinna's blood and flesh.""

Right after the instant Bela stepped on the foot pedal while licking her lips and having those thoughts, jumping at the two machiinis....

[An?"]

Bela hold herself back from heading forward and pressed the pedal back with the heel of her foot, making her machiini move back. And after that, at the ground where Bela was standing at until moments ago, a pillar of fire burst up.

[Aryah, a Salamas?]

Bela notices the red machine of two meters and a half showing up its face from the edge of one of the walls of the fort. Just like the gnome, the Salamas was an element. Bela had felt a bit of the flow of magic and was able to dodge the attack.

[Too slow!]

Together with those words, Bela ran to the place where the Salamas was, and then, without giving any openings for the Salamas to move back, she hit it with her war hammer in a horizontal attack. And then, with its left arm being crushed, the giant fell to the ground.

[Borudo, I will leave this guy to you.]

[Thank you for that.]

Borudo finally got something to do. He desperately followed after the fallen Salamas, and when he was about to get close to it, he raised his shield....

[Cooooome!]

The Dragonyutte that tried to get out of the hatch located at the chest part of the Salamas was squashed. Because of the force, his torso was crushed and his dragon faced head was torn off and fell to the ground.

[Ha, don't go holding a grudge over me, fellow kin.]

After throwing those words at the fallen head, Borudo looked around his surroundings.

""The ruins of the fort of the ancient civilization of Ishtalia, is it....? Really,

Here was the hideout of the bandit group they were able to hear about at the third time bandits attacked them.

Various places like this fort, which has become a nest for this bandit group, existed through the continent. They were one of the reasons why demonic beasts and bandits would grow rampant, and it was the main cause for worry to the nations. That fort was built with ancient technology and was firmer than it seemed at first glance, thus making them difficult to crumble. Because of that, the amount of unexplored places wasn't little.

To begin with, these days the countries were at war. The lord of this region didn't have the spare time to be sending knight groups after the bandit groups around there, and many bandits would come here with that in mind. Because of that, Bela too came here with that in mind.

[Ha!"]

After Bela ordered Borudo to take down the Salamas, she immediately headed towards the two machiinis.

[You really have the guts, don't you?]

[It is two against one, you know?]

Their voices were all mighty, but in the end, they were nothing but bandits. Bela could see they were nothing special.

""How stupid.""

Avoiding the sword the approaching machiini swung down, Bela pierced it at its chest part with the pike of her war hammer with all her strength. And then, the pipe that was at the back of the machiinis of both Bela and her enemy vigorously gushed out a silvery steam. The reason why the steam left Bela's machiini was because she had used her war hammer with all the strength her machiini had, making it gush out the leftovers of the exhausted magic that was used, but for the enemy's silvery steam, rather than that, it was closer to it being his machiini screaming in agony.

However, looking at the war hammer that she had pierced into the enemy, Bela clicked her tongue.

Noticing she couldn't pull the war hammer out anymore, she left her hands from it and stole the sword of the machiini that was in front of her eyes, charging at the other machiini that was soon going to become in pieces.

[What is with you!?]

Becoming hesitant because of the speed of those series of movements, the bandit's machiini couldn't avoid Bela's attack in a way that felt as if that was obviously what was the expected.

[Hyahaa!!]

Just like that, Bela had charged with [Aiandinna] and pierced the joint that connected the right arm to the torso of the enemy machiini. And then, from the damaged part, silvery steam came out, and the bandit that was inside the machiini was shrieking. Despite so, putting all her strength, Bela rotated her the sword and cut the arm off in one go. The right steel hand that was separated from its body fell to the ground with a loud noise.

“”Those are small fries, really.””

Bela glared at his opponent while thinking of that, but the machiini that had lost one of its arms ran away with its single arm. Without caring about it, Bela went to the place where the first machiini she destroyed was at. And then, thrusting the sword into the ground, she pulled out the stuck war hammer with all her force.

[Heave-ho]

The point of the pike of the war hammer that was pulled out was covered in blood. By that, it was easy to guess how the human that was inside that machiini ended like. Seeing what happened, the other machiini let out a perplexed voice.

[Ron-aniki...]

That was surprise. That was anger. Bela felt that was the voice of a loser. Bela didn't think that guy would be able to put up a fight any longer, but she wasn't soft to the point of letting her prey run away. Once again holding the war hammer, Bela ran to the enemy machiini by stepping at the foot pedal.

[Hii!?](ヒッ！ ?)

In comparison to her, the one-armed machiini had already completely lost all its fighting spirit. Without any regards, Bela smashed the chest part together with the left hand that tried to protect it with her war hammer.

And then, blood flowed from the hatch, and the one-armed machiini crumbled down.

“Second one.... Yes, they finally appeared.”

At the same time she whispered that, Bela heard footsteps coming from the back of the fort. There were three of them. Besides, it could be heard that those

were giant ones. In other words, those were machiinis.

“Makk, Sorti, that guy looks strong. Let’s go with the Gandarl Bird formation.”

“Understood.”

“Tch, even though I’ve just woken up.”

And then, on [Aiandinna]’s crystal eyes, the three machiinis that came from the back of the fort were reflected.

The three machiinis that had just come under the sunlight had the height of about three meters and a half. They were taller than [Aiandinna] and they were equiped with one-handed swords and a shield shaped to cover the other arm. While the machiinis were slightly dirty, Bela could see that those were machiinis of the knight type.

Now it was what Bela had been waiting for. Those were the machiinis from the wanted bandits called [Three Pieces]. Those were Bela’s preys of today.

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# Little girl hunts knights

“”It’s either Ruuin or Paroma, I guess. Which of those are the deserters from?””

Narrowing her eyes, Bela analyzed the machiinis that showed up from the fort. Without any eager feelings, the three machiinis approached [Aiandinna].

“”Looks like they are planning on surroundings me and cutting me down once they get me pinned with their shields. Well, it looks like they have a bit of brains.”

While raising her war hammer and taking a middle stance, she laughed. (TL note: Long shot guess -->そしてベラはウォーハンマーを下から振り上げようと構えながら笑う<-)

As to surround [Aiandinna], the three machiinis slowly moved around it. By looking at their posture, it was very clear they intended to surround her and crush.

“”Really solid, isn’t it? However...””

The one to make the first move was Bela.

[I will send you flying for once!]

While shouting that, Bela firmed the grip on the war hammer and held it overhead. She still had some distance from them. The war hammer obviously wouldn’t reach them. However, a sound of something bursting out resounded.

[What did you... Gah!?!]

Mark, who was one of those machiini pilots, wasn’t able to follow it. Before being able to understand what happened, his body was cut in half and he lost his life. Before one’s notice, a sword pierced through his machiini.

[Don’t underestimate us!]

[Did she sent that flying!?!]

Blood started to rise up to their heads because of the sudden occurrence. They lost one of their comrades in only an instant. It was obvious they would get



angry.

By now, they could see that Bela sent the sword she stole from the machiini she had defeated before with her war hammer. Rotating in the air, the sword flew and pierced through the cockpit of Mark's machiini.

[Oya oya, bingo. My luck seems good today.]

Although Bela wasn't aiming to take his life in one shot, because of good luck, she was able to take him down. While being satisfied at that result, she turned her eyes to the other two that were approaching her.

Their pace didn't become disordered. They had lost one machiini before being able to surround Bela. It was impossible not to think that they wouldn't become shaken and full of anger. Despite that, their pace didn't change. At first they intended to go with their plan and charge at her together at the same time, thrusting their swords at her while bashing her with their shields. However, only two machiinis was too few of a number for them to be able to surround Bela.

Abares was being led by his nose by the movement of Bela's [Aiandinna], whose waist strength was improved by all the frana she collected from the machiinis of the Valhalla bandit group and the bigrobears.

[Wha...t!?!]

[Too slow.]

Abares' machiini, which was pressing on with its shield, lost sight of Bela's [Aiandinna] right when it came running at him. After. Because of the machiini's giant structure and crystal eyes, reacting to sudden movements from close-on was difficult. Because of that, it felt just as if [Aiandinna] had vanished from Abares' eyes.

However, [Aiandinna] actually went around him, getting behind Abares' back. Abares should have been able to see her from the crystal eyes installed at the back of his machiini, but he was too slow to realize she was there.

[Now, be on your knees.]

Being kicked at the joint of its leg by [Aiandinna], Abares' machiini crumbled down.

[You think you are all clever!]

In a surprised manner, Soldi, who was piloting the other machiini, shouted that while running to their direction. Since they couldn't surround her, there were no other choices but to attack head-on. His machiini was still a knight model. And besides that, it was also a very mature one.

[Don't think that you can hold on against my [Nehbain] with your shabby machiini!]

[Hyahya, your machiini is not bad. Let's have it taken from you, shall we?]

Holding a sword and a shield, Soldi charged in Bela's direction, but to her eyes, that movement was too slow.

[I will be taking this.]

[What?]

Taking away by force the sword from Abares' machiini which was fallen on the ground, she turned her back to the machiini which was now truly defenseless and broke into the approaching Solti.

[Ha!]

[So slow.]

And then, Bela parried the thrust sword with her war hammer.

[Did you just block my sword!?] (TL note: This guys lines are so annoying to translate T.T ->突き出した剣をピンポイントで弾くだと！？<- How am I supposed to translate this ;-;)

Bela laughed at Soldi's surprise, and just like that she caught his shield with the pike part of her war hammer, and putting strength, she

[How!?!]

Suddenly having its shield forcefully ripped from its hands, Soldi's machiini had its stance broken.

[You are too slow.]

[Uwaah!?!]

With its broken stance, Solti's machiini thrust its sword at [Aiandinna], but [Aiandinna] caught it in between its armpits, pinning down the sword.

[Now, I will be killing you, but don't go breaking your dragon heart stone, alright? You won't be a machiini pilot if you do that.]

While saying that, Bela thrust the sword she stole from Abares through the cockpit of the machiini.

The scream lasted for only an instant.

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[.....Ha, ha.]

His breathing was rough. Abares Masgai was terrified by the machiini that was standing in front of his eyes. It was an existence that was like a nightmare that suddenly appeared. It brought down his comrades in an instant, and now he was probably going to die as well.

""No, I don't want to die in a place like this.""

He finally found someone to live with and he was finally able to make up his mind in getting out of his current gloomy life. But despite how now was supposed to be his turning point in life...

That machiini in front of his eyes was preventing him from doing that.

""It is not over yet. I still haven't lost.""

His machiini [Grohbun] could still move. Abares believed that there should be some way to defeat that monster.

From what he saw, the opposing machiini was a young one. Its power shouldn't be great. Although its pilot was a monster, there was still a gap between the quality of their machiinis. Its suspension systems seemed to have been upgraded... but even so...

[Uwaaaaaaaaaaaaah!!!]

Stepping on the foot pedal, Abares' machiini stood up in one go.

[What, aren't you full of energy?]

Strangely, the voice was one of a young female. It felt as if he was hearing the

voice of a child, but he didn't have the spare time to worry about that right now. At the moment Abares stood up, he threw the shield he was holding at the opposing machiini.

[Ha!]

While laughing as if she had been treated like an idiot, the opposing machiini raised its left hand in order to deflect the incoming shield. However, at that same time, Abares stepped on the foot pedal and charged at the young machiini.

[Hey, hey, so you are the type that likes to go for the all or nothing?]

Readying the steel fist that was covered by a knuckle guard, Abares threw a punch.

The opposing machiini evaded the attack. With minimal movements, it had evaded [Grohbun]'s attack.

That's where his chance of winning was.

Sometimes, there would be machiinis that would have special powers. Rather than special power, those could be considered to be certain "gimmicks". It was rare to find ones that had powers like that, but it was because of the rarity that it had usefulness in combat. Abares' [Grohbun] had a power like that.

His gimmick was the pile drive installed at the left arm. It was Abares' strongest hidden ace. It was a red hot pole that could pierce through any kind of giant as long as it was close by. Aiming for the young machiini, Abares swung [Grohbun]'s left hand. And then...

[Ah, so that's what it was.]

The red hot pole bursted forward, raising the sound of its machinery being put to work. However, the machiini easily dodged it.

[Well, it was really obvious. Even though the machiini is good, the pilot...]

That voice didn't reach Abares' ears. All he could see was the end of his own life. In his last moments, he muttered...

[Yunan...]

As he said that girl name, together with his machiini [Grohbun], his body was

pierced by the pike of the war hammer.

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# Little girl sorts things out after battle

With the battle over, now all that remained to do was dealing with the aftermath.

First of all would be to deal with the remaining people of the bandit group, but actually most of the bandits had already died in battle. There were some that escaped, and it seemed there had been about three people that remained inside the fort.

The reason why it “seemed” was because those people were already dead by that point. When Bela and Borudo found them, they were in an atrocious shape. It seemed that they were beaten to death by the women they had captured.

At the time they were captured from their villages, they had their husbands and children killed. With the positions of the strong and the weak shifted, this was the expected, and was what probably happened to those bandits.

Because the women seemed to be dealing with themselves well enough on their own, Bela didn't say anything in particular. The bandits that died didn't have prices for their heads. That said, she also couldn't let them escape.

It was a pain to sell the ones she caught as slaves, and originally, Bela didn't think too much about what she should do with them other than just killing them. To begin with, however, by having been killed by Bela, they were able die a more peaceful death than they would have otherwise.

Bela ordered Borudo to collect the heads of the machiini pilots and the salamas pilot and to collect all the gold and any goods there were inside the fort. The reason why Bela herself didn't move out to do that was because she didn't know how the released girls would act.

It was a basic rule that the person that killed the bandits could take their possessions, and if you could find something that used to belong to someone else, it was possible to hand it back to them in exchange of a large sum. However, with the value of the things the bandits got by raiding the surrounding region being obvious, all Borudo could find were actually only things that you couldn't hold much expectation about.

Moreover, while Borudo was wandering looking around the place, it could be said that Bela was checking up her own machiini [Aiandinna], looking for possible improvements. After Bela finished inspecting her machiini and decided what she should do, she called Borudo for more work.

“Shit, for you to make a old man work around like that... You won’t die a peaceful death, you... My master...”

“Hyahya, am I supposed to be worrying about how I will die with my age? I will be fine, so just do it already.”

While laughing off Borudo’s abusive language, Bela watched [Aiandinna]’s modifying operation. The modification consisted of removing [Aiandinna]’s left hand and replacing it with the arm Abares’ machiini had.

Many little auxiliary arms left out from both the arms of Borudo’s gnome [Bakkas]. He used them to detach [Aiandinna]’s left arm. After having finished doing that, he also removed the exterior part and the various attachments on the joint, so on proceeding to remove the arm.

Because it seemed that [Aiandinna] and Abares’ machiini had a correspondent set-up, the attachment went well. There were pretty much no problems with the transmission rate in the connection of the nerves, so it could be used in the same way as the previous arm Bela was familiar with. So that the gimmick could be used, it was necessary to change [Aiandinna]’s structure itself.

In fact, people still couldn’t understand about most of the so called “Makino”, the machinery which occupied more than half of the inner structure of the machiini.

If there was correlation between the machiinis, it was possible for people to detach and attach parts on their own. However, with the need of changing the inner structure, it was necessary to expend frana and to modify the structure itself.

Because all it was possible to do by the machiini itself was to [repair] and [strengthen] the structure no matter how much frana you were to spend, in order to have that gimmick “special ability” to be transferred, the element’s machinery adjustment functionality was indispensable.

The dwarf's gnomes in particular were good in that area, and without Borudo being an exception to that, he was good at readjusting machiinis.

"But this is really a weird view."

Bela muttered that as she watched the display of [Aiandinna]'s left arm being put onto its side torso part and the shine of the magic power gleaming in a flowing manner.

[They say the small gods that live in iron mold it based on the design granted by heavens... apparently.]

From inside his gnome, Borudo said that as he carried on with his work.

"What do you mean?"

[Who knows? I just heard it from a fable of my kin. Also, that what we call frana would be the offering we give to those small gods, or so they say.]

Frana was the energy you get from killing greater beasts and destroying machiinis and that is absorbed by the dragon heart stone. It was similar to mana, but strictly speaking, it had its differences. By using up this energy, it was possible to improve one's machiini.

After that, by Bela's rapid succession of indications in the details, Borudo also changed the armor, installed a short sword at the waist, and attached a shield at the left hand too. After finishing all that, [Aiandinna]'s modifications were finally finished and night was already approaching.

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In the next day, Bela and Borudo gathered the machiinis of the bandit group they destroyed in the center of the fort. They decided to bring with them only one machiini, and they destroyed the dragon heart stones of the remaining ones for the sake of gathering the frana inside.

However, even the mechanical carcass could become merchandize. It could become the foundation of a new machiini, and by disarranging it in pieces, it was also possible to use them on other machiinis in the same way that it was done to [Aiandinna].

The ones that were specialized on recovering those sort of things were those



that worked as scavengers. Hence, Bela intended to ask Kohza for that once she got back to the city.

“However, the machiini of those fellows... They meet all specifications for the machiinis of a knight group, but they can't be from the Ruuin kingdom, right?”

Borudo, who had gone out of his gnome after he had properly finished carrying out of the fort all they were going to bring, spoke. In response to that, Bela answered without putting on airs in particular.

“Those are from Paroma's knight group. Those guys piloting the elegant ones had the short sword with the crest of Paroma's knight group by their chest after all. Most likely, they were guys that fled from a lost battle or so.”

“In that case, wouldn't it mean they would get a bonus in the reward for them?”

Bela laughed at Borudo's words with her usual “Hyahyahya”.

Those were pilots of the enemy kingdom, and so there should be a reward for taking their heads. Because there was the short sword to prove those were deserters, so there should be no problems for getting the extra reward. Just like Borudo said, they should be able to get the additional money.

“In that case, maybe I should buy you a barrel's worth of booze for you.”

Borudo unconsciously gulped because of Bela's muttering. To the dwarf race, alcohol was just like the blood that flowed through their bodies. Looking at Borudo's change in character, Bela laughed even more and proceeded by shifting her attention to the problem at hands.

The problem would be how to deal with the women that had been captured by the bandit group.

The women that already calmed down after one night having passed were gathered at the center of the fort.

“So, in total, there are twenty four women. Much more than I expected.”

“Yes, I guess.”

Borudo's words were slightly hazy.

There were actually twenty five women in total. However, the one inside the room of the man that seemed to be the leader of the bandit gang was beaten to death. The signs of aggression were recent, and they also seemed to have been done by the hands of women. Borudo imagined that the ones that killed her were those people that were now gathered in front of his eyes. Her face was all smashed, but the girl still seemed to be very young. (TL note: Noooo Yunannn ;-;)

“What is it?”

“No... it’s nothing.”

Borudo shook his head at Bela’s puzzled gaze. It wasn’t something that was needed to be talked about in particular. All there was about it was that the other women held resentment for the girl that became the boss’ woman, and thus, the girl was killed. They were the same women that brutally killed the remaining bandits. If they were to poorly deal with them and aggravate their situation, once those women started to show signs of rebellion, perhaps they would go kill the little girl in front of his eyes without mercy. No, Borudo believed they would definitely do that.

“Hmm. Well, fine then. So, did you finish talking among yourselves?”

Bela turned her eyes from Borudo to the women. Bela waited. There weren’t many choices available. She thought that by now should be about the time for them to decide.

“Ah, yes. I am Rama. I was chosen to be the mediator for the moment.”

One of the women stepped forward and answered.

She was in her twenties. It seemed she to be the one sorting out the captured women. She seemed to be the type that would kick men’s butts and make them do their work, but even so, she was looking at the child that was smaller than her own kids with eyes filled with fear.

“You.... No, we will go to Collosus just like you said.” (TL note: The “You...” part, the girl used ->あんた<-, but then, she corrected herself, using ->あなた<-, which is more refined.)

“All of you?”

Rama and also the other girls behind her nodded to Bela's words. There were girls even that had just passed the age of ten. Despite that, the choices given to them were only few.

All the men of their village were killed, so even if they went back to that place, they would lack workforce. Because of that, they wouldn't be able to pay the tax to the local landlord. And besides that, there were poor harvests this year, so their emergency stocks were stolen. Their situation was one all they could do was to starve to death.

Therefore, the only choices available were to become slaves with Bela mediating the negotiations and having something to eat the next day guaranteed, or to go back to their villages and die of hunger, and perhaps be cheaply sold as slaves in the end.

There was also the choice of leaving their village aside and escape to some uninhabited land without anything guaranteed, but this would be a gamble of low chances of survival. The continent of Ishtaria wasn't a kind place that would permit such a reckless thing.

And so was it. To Bela, whatever decision those women would take didn't matter to be fair. She could make money if she took them to the Vagahte company, but in Bela's opinion, rather than doing that, she would rather just go do another commission already. It would take a lot of work to send them to Colossus, the city of the battle-crazed. Because having to carry a machiini together with them would slow down their traveling speed, Bela just casually talked about that. If it wasn't for that, there was no mistake she would have just left the women there and gone back sooner.

In any case, it was decided that the women would go back to the city along with Bela and Borudo. Bela obtained both the gimmick ability of the newly attached arm and a machiini. There couldn't be better battle results than that.

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## Little girl is introduced to someone

“Well, in terms of raw quality, they are not so good, but it seems they have some experience in it.”

“I don’t wanna hear about that. What are you saying to a child like me?”

Bela cursed at Marfoi for what he was saying.

“You, who brought them, is saying such a thing...”

“They are kind of volunteering for that. I will still be receiving the money though.”

“Yes, I understand.”

Bela was right now at the guest room of the slave trading company Vagahte. In that room, she was talking with Marfoi, dealing with the formalities for selling the girls she brought.

There was about two million ten hundred thousand goldin inside the pouch Marfoi gave Bela. The selling amount was in fact three times the amount Bela received. As the remuneration for having rescued them from the bandit group and have escorted them, it was decided Bela would take one third of the sold price. The remaining would be split between the women. This would be the step for them to buy themselves back in the future.

“Thank you for your patronage. I hope you may do business with us next time.”

“Well, I would rather just be buying instead of selling. I want to let this be the last time I bring slaves along. It is a pain in the ass to look after them, you see.”

“”I was the one looking after them though.””

At the back, Borudo muttered those words. Fortunately, the two that were talking to each other seemed to not have heard him.

“”Either way, it is good that we got here safely.””

Borudo let out a sigh as he thought that.

It has been six days since Bela destroyed the bandit group.

While there weren't any problems along the way here, there were troublesome parts about it. Most of it lied on the aftercare of the women. Right when they were released from the bandit group, it was immediately decided that they would become slaves. It could be said that such couldn't be helped, but it still wasn't impossible that they would get gloomy because of it.

Of course, Bela didn't take any part in it. The one doing all the work was Borudo and Rama, the mediator between them and the women. To the old man that knew nothing of a woman's heart, it was a difficult job.

"Now then, it seems you've received a good amount for your reward. I've heard a new batch of quality goods came. What will you do? Will you be buying anything?"

"Really, you are very quick-eared."

Bela smiled at Marfoi's words.

Bela handed in the heads to the mercenary association right on the same day she arrived at the city. She also let Koozo handle the machiini she captured. It looked like Marfoi already had knowledge of that. But even so, Bela tilted her head to the side at Marfoi's words, and then asked him.

"I was thinking of doing that, but there isn't any of the good ones remaining, right?"

Marfoi gave a dry laugh in response to that.

It seemed that the territorial war, which controlled the economy of this city, was currently well-matched for both sides.

It was indeed a fact that the knight group of the kingdom of Paroma has joined the fight, but according to the information of the spies, it seemed that this was the result of a political strife, which led to the subordinates of the general Koujin to be sent to the front lines.

According to Kooza, although it was true that the kingdom of Paroma temporarily recovered the Mona region because the knight group that had been exiled to the battle were doing unexpectedly well, Paroma still thought of the knights as only sacrificial pawns, and on the other hand, the kingdom of Ruuin was presently getting stirred up.

Even before, there pretty much wasn't anyone notable except for Borudo. Bela saw all that as most of the slaves that could be useful as a fighting force having been already sold. However, Marfoi's reaction was different from Bela's expectations.

"There is a gladiator I would like to introduce to you."

Bela narrowed her eyes at those words.

"It is a man that has been continuously winning at the colosseum."

"He isn't a slave?"

"No. This time it's something else."

Without worrying about Bela's puzzled face, Marfoi continued to speak.

"He is a wanderer. Someone from the Rahsa race just like you. He said he is from the warring tribe of Rahan."

"This guy seems like he might be good."

The Rahsa race was a warrior society of brown-skinned people that lived at the western desert. They were tall and strong. Most of the reason why Bela had the strength to be able to swing her war hammer around was due to her being of the Rahsa race.

"But what do you mean by saying you are going to introduce him?"

"It seems that that guy used to be a machiini pilot. He has been fighting on the colosseum because he desired a new machiini."

"...I see. It seems that he has a lot of confidence in his strength."

In other words, Marfoi selected someone that had difficult conditions to be met to Bela, who could fulfill them. He was definitely strong in fighting with his own flesh body, so his strength shouldn't be limited to piloting machiinis. Not to say about the present situation, there should be only few machiinis for sale currently. There would be few people that would gamble on him without knowing of his strength, and for how the nobility, who could do so even then, would not take notice of him meant that his matter in question was really unfavorable to deal with.

“”But will that man end up being a “bad draw” for me?””(TL note: Couldn’t think of a better way to translate -. It would be that kind of like that thing about japanese popsicles that either “win” or “miss” is written on the stick, and you get some kind of bonus if you “win”. I dunno another way to explain that so google it because Im too lazy ‘ 3’)

In any case, it wasn’t like she was signing a contract for something. Bela decided she should first check him out.

“I will go meet him. But, I have a place I need to go today. Is it fine if it is tomorrow or some other day?”

Marfoi nodded with a smile to Bela’s words.

— — — —

“I see, so at last you are heading to the Mona region.”

Right after Bela left the building of Marfoi’s Vagahte company, she went to the office of the Benmark company to meet with Kooza.

“Well, we aren’t going there right away. Besides, how is it with the machiini I left to you?”

Kooza smiled in response to Bela.

“Yes, it is a very well built machiini that is not seen around that often. As to be expected of the method knight group for raising machiinis. They bring up their machiinis without letting them pick up bad habits.”

The machiini Bela got from the bandit group used to be from the knight group of the kingdom of Paroma. The machiinis of organizations that knew how to bring up their machiinis surpassed the strength of the machiinis brought up by average mercenaries and bandit groups in the essentials.

“I believe I can come up with an adequate sum of money in case you are willing to sell it to us.”

“I’ve been thinking about it. But you see, I got a new appointment for that here so I will be giving up on that.”

Bela said to Kooza.

There was also that about the gladiator Marfoi recommended to her, but most of what Bela was pondering over was about that time at that battle last time when she was surrounded, going one on three by herself.

“”It was really good that I got to get one of them at the beginning. If it wasn’t for that, maybe the fight would have been a bit tough.””

Bela believed that situation hadn’t been one she could have been optimistic about. In the end, the things she could do by herself were limited. She had Borudo’s gnome, but when compared to a machiini, it was really inferior. And so, she was considering increasing her amount of allies.

“Only the cockpit and the hatch at the chest were destroyed. I guess this is only expected with your skill. I will call a magician that has a contract with me for subduing the dragon heart stone, so it should go well one way or another.”

“So, how is it going at the bandit hideout?”

“I have already sent the scavengers there. If the place isn’t sniffed by others, they should be able to recover the materials.”

The ones that were hired by people to collect leftover materials after battles were the groups that went by the name of scavengers. Although they would be carrying cargo around, they were a group that owned machiinis. By Kooza’s directions, they headed out to collect the carcasses of the bandit’s machiinis that Bela left at the place.

Although those machiinis wouldn’t move because they didn’t have a dragon heart stone anymore, they could still make up for a considerable fortune just by its raw materials, which in turn could become a foundation for new-born machiinis.

To begin with, because some amount of time had already passed, it was possible that someone would come to know of the destruction of the group and would go rummage through the remnants of the machiinis. Because Bela paid money for that, if the scavengers were not able to recover the materials, it would become a minus that she had hired Kooza’s scavengers. But even so, she already brought with her the more valuable things, and besides, Machiini carcasses were all in all goods that were difficult to carry along without using machiinis. To begin with, it was because the hideout of a bandit group wouldn’t



be something that would be found out about immediately that those bandits were able to survive until the time Bela and Borudo came.

“Well, I will be heading to the Mona region when the scavengers come back. I will be counting on you for the maintenance of the machiinis.”

Kooza answered those words by saying “please, count on me”.

For the present, Bela would be seeing the gladiator tomorrow. But whether he was worth going for or not... that was the problem.

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# Little girl admires the match

There was a colosseum in the center of Colossus, the city of the battle-crazed.

It wasn't as magnificent as the one at the capital of Ruuin, but so that the matches could occur in a comparatively low cost and in a stadium big enough for machiinis and other things of the sort to fight, it was simply built as a spacious colosseum.

At that colosseum, there would be matches between machiinis and fights of slaves that were forced to fight against captured demon beasts and greater beasts daily. Of course, there would also be fights between humans.

In regards of the matches of flesh body, presently, there was an undefeated gladiator at Colossus. It was a man that went by the name of Bal Maskar.

It was a tan-skinned foreigner that wielded a sword called katana, and which was made of adamantium.

Because his match would be happening today, Bela, Borudo, and also Marfoi, along with his escorts, had gone to the colosseum.

"Ha, it's quite soggy, isn't it? This place here."

Just as mentioned by Bela, the pathway to the colosseum was crampy and had a soggy ambience.

"Well, once we are inside it, this should cleared up. The soggiess is only particular to here."

Marfoi, who was next to her with her, continued walking forward as he said that.

"Borudo, have you ever fought here?"

"Hmm... No, never."

Borudo immediately answered "no" to Bela's question. In response to that, Marfoi laughed and added some things the topic.

"Well, we can't damage the merchandise we are going to sell after all. Originally, the ones that fight with their machiinis and elements aren't the

slaves, but people like Bela-sama. Practically all the people that participate in those fights are the ones that work in the mercenary business and have confidence in their strength. There are some people that set up matches when they have a lot of confidence in their purchase though, doing it just for prestige.”

“Hah, Marfoi, is it really fine for you keep it weakly like that? (TL note: Not sure how to translate this one -->は、そんな腰の抜けた話で大丈夫なのかい？<- It should still be something along those lines though.)

Marfoi shrugged his shoulders at Bela’s condescending question.

“While there are no problems if they are fighting on their own, it is a shame to have machiinis and elementals wasted. Well, if it is a returned good of a elemental-user, then I would have to consider whether to use this merchandise up the next time it is returned however.”

The gaze Marfoi had as he was saying that made Borudo feel as if something cold fell onto his back.

“Hahaha, master Marfoi, those are very harsh jokes.”

Borudo said as he was breaking into cold sweat, but the complexion in Marfoi’s face didn’t make it seem like it was a joke.

“Well, if the time comes, I will gladly go watch the match. Watch its last moments in life, right.”

During the time they were laughing, with Marfoi’s and Bela’s laughs having hidden meaning and Borudo’s being a dry laugh, they reached the exit of the passageway. Looking downwards, there could be seen a circle-shaped arena.

“How is it? Isn’t it quite the display?”

“So we are at the vip seats? I see.”

Bela nodded at Marfoi’s words. That was an excessively and extravagantly decorated place. Besides that, the location of the room Bela and the others were going to stay at had been installed at an isolated and high position.

The requirements to be there were different from the ones of the normal seats below. It was a viewing room that was used by only a part of the privileged class.

“Now, have this.”

Saying that, Marfoi gave Bela a binoculars.

Bela took the binoculars and sat next to Marfoi. Borudo was obviously standing behind them together with Marfoi's escorts.

"So, was it Bal his name? Is that guy's match happening any soon?"

"Yes, it should be soon. It is today's main match after all."

Just like Marfoi said, the bell was ringed and a tan-skinned man appeared. Facing him was a man of two meters and half of height of the Daina race.

The cheering for Bal Mascar increased. However, it seemed that there was about the same amount of cheering for the man opposing him.

"It seems his opponent also has his share of fame."

"Yes. It is the mysterious Verzef. It is a man of the Daina race that has destroyed machiinis on his own body."

Bela narrowed her eyes at those words. The Daina wasn't one of the spiritual races, but it was still impossible for them to pilot a machiini with their height. However, on the other hand, their big build boasted of its monstrous strength, and in terms of fighting, in the same way it had been said by Marfoi, they were a race that could even fight off machiinis.

"Bal's continuous position as the champion has started to become a problem. Recently, the merchants that deal with gladiators have been matching him with tough opponents. Well, they have been defeated in their own game in all those times, and it also seemed that Bal himself didn't mind about it, but if this is to continue, then he will get crushed one day."

Perhaps this was the reason why Marfoi recommended him to Bela.

By looking at it from Marfoi's perspective, having a contract that was related to Bal was so good millions would jump in even without Marfoi particularly putting any effort in intermediating it. But even then, once Bal was defeated, everything would have been for naught.

Actually, Marfoi was also being proactive in publicizing Bal in these last few days, but without being able to get to any agreements, all his negotiations would end in failure. And that's where Bela came in. Thinking of her as a god's send,

Marfoi was once again able to breath.

“Oh, it began.”

Marfoi said as he looked at the arena with his binoculars.

The instant the match had started, Verzef charged forward.

Verzer’s weapon was a mace filled with spikes. Verzerf could freely swing his mace due to his body specs, but Bal would continuously dodge the attacks with long movements. Even Bela was surprised, unconsciously letting out a voice of praise over his technique.

Those movements were done with the minimum of unnecessary movement. Fresh blood flew when the spikes of the mace grazed at Bal’s cheek, but without him stopping at all, he continued to avoid the attacks as he would slip into Verzef’s attack range.

“”He has good eyes.”

Bela evaluated Bal. Of course, the techniques for moving your own body and piloting a machiini were completely different. However, if he was actually capable of piloting the machiini well, it wouldn’t be impossible that he could reproduce his own movements in the machiini. Since he had the eyesight to see through the movement of his opponent, it was possible to think of he was capable of reproducing his technique into a machiini.

As Bela was thinking about that, Verzef’s attacks were being completely dodged and he was starting to get tired. Seeming that Verzef felt how the situation was growing worse and worse, he went on a last all-in push with all he had.

Verzef suddenly charged forward, and when one would think he was about to attack, he instead strongly stomped onto the ground, raising a dust cloud, then swinging down the mace that was high up overhead at Bal with all his might.

The screams were raised from the audience. It was clear to anyone that if that had been a direct hit, Bal would have definitely died without doubts.

However, Bal, who had been continuously evading all attacks until now, moved in reaction to the attack.

Not avoiding the dust cloud, he stepped right into it and he slashed upwards with his katana as a counter-attack, having aimed it at the arm that was swung down. And then, right in the next instant, Verzeff became surprised at his mace hitting the ground, but much more than that, he was surprised at his wrist that had been cut off and sent flying to the air.

This had been an attack of the extent that even made Bela fascinated.

Going through the opening, Bal stroke Verzeff, who was in confusion, at the back of his head with the back of his katana, thus ending the match.

And then, right after the audience fell silent, cheers exploded once the victory of Bal Maskar was transmitted.

“How is it? Is that man good enough for you?”

It was the end of the match. In the middle of the cheers that wrapped up the colosseum in enthusiasm, Marfoi asked Bela with a smug face. Bela could only shrug her shoulders at all the performance that had been displayed.

“Well, I won’t know if I don’t meet him. These vibes he gives aren’t bad.”

Because of all that, Bela couldn’t help but say that.

The gladiator Bal Maskar. That man’s swordplay was the real deal.

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